★ JOHN BULL, JUNE 8, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1773

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PIG AND WHISTLE

There is no exact equivalent, in other countries, to the English inn. Our good friend and ally, France, has her cafés. But the inn beside the village green, with its sign and its cheerful and often quaint name—is "for ever England."

The inn or pub, indeed, is as English as the beer sold in it. Nowhere, except in this land of ours, can you drink (for instance) English bitter. And is there any drink that goes better with the atmosphere of the pub?

Beer comes from the soil from which *we* came. Its goodness is the goodness of English country produce—barley-malt and hops. Those who drink it are the men and women of England—strong, healthy and of good humour.

Mild or bitter, ale or stout—beer is best.

DO YOU MAKE THE DANDRUFF SIGN?

Head-scratching is a sign that you've got Dandruff. Neglect it and your hair will undoubtedly grow brittle, split and drop out. MAKE THIS TEST: scratch your scalp, and examine your nail. If there is a greyish deposit, you suffer from *oily* dandruff. If you see white flakes in your hair and on your clothes, you have *dry* dandruff. Don't delay; take the advice of Professor Polland, the celebrated dermatologist. He says 'Dandruff shows that the hair-roots are being starved; I prescribe Silvikrin because it is the hair's natural food.' Each bottle of Pure Silvikrin contains enough organic hair food to increase the growth of hair—free from dandruff—by 35%. Get Silvikrin at any chemist, hairdresser or stores.

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DOES

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 8, 1940.
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"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HITLER REVEALS HIS WEAKNESS

WITH the return of the B.E.F., first active phase of the war is over.

Second phase, already beginning, widens the conflict, will almost certainly be decisive.

Mussolini, it is now known, changed his mind again early last week. Once more he wavered towards war.

Events had showed Hitler's weakness.

Army Failed Him

Nazi hordes had been halted. They had, with the help of Leopold's defection, pushed out the B.E.F., but not defeated it.

The main French front, re-formed in ten days by Weygand, held firm. Nazi drive lost impetus, slowed down, came to a stop.

It had won most of Flanders—at terrific cost.

But it had failed to carry out Hitler's plan.

What He Hoped For

Attempt may still be made to put it into operation, but without the advantage of surprise.

Main object is a break-through to Paris, followed by quick thrust towards Bordeaux, where French Government would set up headquarters if Paris fell.

Italy could help by attacking by way of the Rhone valley.

But that peril has been foreseen.

No Mood for War

If he meant to adopt that strategy, Mussolini should have struck on the night of Leopold's capitulation.

His spokesmen have long boasted of helping Hitler by keeping 1,200,000 Allied troops immobilised on the borders of Italy and her colonies.

Those 1,200,000 are ready for action. Italy's industrial valleys are open to heavy air attack. Her Navy is no match for the Allied Mediterranean Fleet.

Might of Allies

Weygand's plans may not be discussed. Sufficient that he has the absolute confidence of Mr. Churchill and M. Reynaud.

He has already proved that the British and French armies, although trained for offensive action, are hardly less powerful when employed on the defensive.

If they take the offensive. we may hope that they will spoil Hitler's plans even more conclusively.

Attacking Britain

Hitler has shown no originality in his onslaughts. The tank was invented by us. The idea of infiltration was devised by a junior French officer.

It should not be beyond our wits to spring a surprise on the Nazis.

But whether surprise or stalemate rules the Western Front, it is certain that Hitler will soon—perhaps this month—launch an attack on these shores.

Bombers and Noise

Air raids here will probably be accompanied by noise terror. That was effective for a day or two in Flanders; then troops and civilians became accustomed to it. So it ceased.

It will prove as ineffectual here if we are prepared for it.

Nazi dive-bombers—Junkers 87 Bs—are equipped with sirens more powerful than half-a-dozen air raid alarms.

Their bombs have a device that emits a high whining to suggest that they are being dropped from directly overhead.

The combined din is tremendous.

Co-ordinated Defence

If dropped in large numbers, parachutists could undoubtedly do much havoc. But no such invasion could be really successful, as we explain on another page.

None the less, anti-parachute precautions must be overhauled, made foolproof. Defence services must be co-ordinated.

Too much overlapping at present!

Unlucky Watcher

Consider the example of a single South Coast district. There are sea-watchers marshalled by a coastguard who is under Admiralty control. They wear no distinguishing badges or uniform.

Their beat runs into that of the Local Defence Volunteers at several points. Already one has been "arrested" by an L.D.V. patrol because he could not produce authority for his presence on the beach at night.

All in the Dark

Near by is a searchlight unit.

L.D.V. patrols have been warned to give it a wide berth to avoid being fired at!

Thus a point that should be patrolled is left unguarded.

At other points the L.D.V.s come up against the Observer Corps, controlled by the R.A.F. They find, also, such legitimate night-prowlers as A.R.P. wardens, A.F.S. men, volunteer ambulance workers, nursing units and so on.

Co-operation, Please

That position arises all around the coast. Some patrols are under War Office rule, some under the R.A.F., police, Admiralty, or local councils.

West Coast Danger

Obvious objectives for invaders are the lonely places on the East and South Coasts. All are well guarded.

Yet it would be possible, though difficult, to land men from troop-carrying U-boats in the deep-water coves of the West Coast.

Are these places adequately protected?

Not to be Armed

Wisely, most defence corps are now armed.

Revolvers have been issued to balloon barrage units, coast observers and other Services.

A.R.P. workers, however, are not to be armed, and Mr. Attlee has turned down a suggestion that they should be brought under War Office control.

Commandeered Cabs

Once again, taxicabs are being commandeered. This time, for "Parashots."

Two thousand have been taken from London alone. Their owners are given the choice of remaining with their vehicles and becoming part of the defence force or surrendering them on the understanding that they will get them back after the war.

Tell the Police

Again we stress the importance of every civilian helping the nation's defence. Report any suspicious occurrence to the police!

That need is shown by a story for which we can vouch. A woman telephoned a London suburban A.R.P. centre last week, saying that she was speaking from a certain wardens' post, asking for the telephone number of another post where her brother was supposed to be engaged.

But the post numbers she gave were non-existent.

Proof of the Story

Above all, discount rumour.

Newspapers give you *all* the news that can be printed without helping the enemy. And you can believe what you read.

Atrocity stories of the last War were sometimes discounted on the score of exaggeration. Now there is the newsreel to confirm published reports of the incredible bestiality of German assaults against civil populations.

This Shows You . . .

Even in minor ways, Nazi contempt for civilised customs is manifest.

For seventy years International Red Cross has been able to pass personal messages from civilians in one belligerent country to their relatives in another.

But all efforts have failed to get communications from Nazi-occupied Norway.

(Continued overleaf)

BRIGHT SPOTS

● Nazi aircraft losses, now reaching more than 2,500, have caused shortage of pilots. Some captured had only twelve hours' flying experience.

● *World's biggest-ever Merchant Navy fleets are under British control. We've so many ships that hundreds are laid-up in harbours abroad.*

● There will be more soon. Canada's shipbuilding programme is months ahead of schedule.

● **Damage done by R.A.F. to Nazi oil reserves far exceeds Nazi oil captures from invaded countries.**

● Hitler won't get much cash if he invades the Balkans. Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia are sending gold to the United States.

● **Aerodromes at Sylt, Stavanger, Bergen and Rotterdam were so severely damaged by British bombs that ten thousand labourers have had to be sent by Goering to repair them.**

● He can't spare those men. Shortage of labour is so acute that girls of seventeen are trying to do the work of skilled craftsmen. So "dud" work increases.

● **Unrest in Austria has taken another 50,000 S.S. men to Vienna.**

● Allies are willing to spend extra £6,000,000,000 on war materials abroad.

● *All Belgium's inland waterway bases, used in last war by coastal U-boats, were destroyed as soon as Leopold surrendered.*

"THE DECISIVE STRUGGLE IS NOW UPON US . . . ."—H.M. The King.

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FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Scotland Yard's Special Branch will make a spectacular swoop during the next few days.

Urgent investigations have been carried out in Norfolk, Suffolk and Wales.

It has been proved that pro-Nazi agents have held secret meetings in London, have followings in the areas of the Humber, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Harwich, Firth of Forth, the Medway and the Shetlands.

An Addled Egg

Lengthy report, based on four months' enquiries, is now in the hands of Sir Donald Somervell, Attorney-General.

Featured in it is the activity of an organisation called "Information and Policy," formed in a small London hotel in January.

The meeting there was supposed to discuss eggs. But the egg it hatched had been laid by the notorious pro-Nazi body "The Link," that had been suppressed at war's outbreak.

No-Fight Peer

At a recent meeting of this "Information and Policy" group, speakers openly praised Germany. One peer swore he would incite others not to fight.

Two titled men are under police watch. Two thousand other people are on the Black List. You can reckon on the police taking care of them for the duration.

They Caught Him

One Fifth Columnist recently took a bus ride in the West Country.

The only passenger on the top deck, he began to sketch a map when the bus reached a hill-top overlooking an aerodrome and aircraft works.

The conductor saw him.

When the bus arrived at the next town, a police sergeant was waiting for the Fifth Columnist.

Signs of Danger

Dutch refugees confirm our notes last week on the Fifth Columnists' secret signs. They tell how, on the night before Hitler's invasion, every house in Amsterdam was marked.

Jewish houses bore a circle, others were chalked with a slanting line.

Most Fascist signs have now been removed from railway bridges, power stations and other targets in Britain.

But if you see one that has been missed, wipe it out yourself.

Aliens Dismissed

Finchley has dismissed the forty aliens in its defence services.

Other boroughs still retain German-born wardens.

These people may be loyal to their new country. No reflection on them to say that we cannot afford to take any risk.

Clear ruling from the Home Office is long overdue.

Mass Production Plan

Tank Board set up by Mr. Herbert Morrison will form plans for mass production of a highly formidable type of tank, designed to take advantage of the experience gained on the Flanders battlefield

Existing methods of production are being drastically changed, speeded-up, and enlarged.

Going West Again

Despite official caution, there's no harm in admitting the real possibility of evacuating children to Canada should it seem necessary.

Meantime, there will be evacuation to the West Country from further districts in the eastern and southern counties.

Not Good Enough

One word of protest to the authorities:

Decent folk in South Wales are resenting the class distinction that appears in some billeting arrangements.

After giving a fine welcome and a comfortable home to secondary school children, they are told that the children must be removed to "superior" quarters.

● Naval Volunteers Set New Record for Bravery
● Yard Plans More Fifth Column Swoops
● Danger of Secret Signs on Landmarks
● Government's New Economy Campaign

Watching Aliens

Calling-up of all police reserves is due not only to defence needs but also to the immense work imposed by new aliens restrictions.

How many aliens are there in Britain? Exact figures are unknown, but 1931 census showed 179,559 in Britain, only 16,009 in Scotland.

One-third of the total number came from Poland or Russia.

Fishing Rights!

Odd that the more aristocratic newspapers, which fervently advocated suspension of all holidays and had their wishes granted, should still record the sale of fishing rights at high prices!

But Chancellor Sir Kingsley Wood is believed to have further plans for preventing extravagance than the 100 per cent. tax on excess profits.

Likely that all dividends will be restricted to reasonable levels.

Sharper Axe

One company, "pursuing a policy of caution," has cut its dividend from 40 per cent. last year to 32½ this year.

To cut it a bit more would presumably cause no hardship.

Fortunately, the new Government can be trusted to wield the axe without fear or favour.

Punish Them

Minor yet irritating example of high profits is due to short-weight scandal.

A woman who bought wool to make comforts for the troops paid for a pound but received only 14½ ounces. Common for a four-ounce hank to be an ounce short.

The retailer isn't to blame. Manufacturers plead that the weight varies with temperature, humidity and so on.

Strangely, the giving of short weight in wool is not a punishable offence.

It should be.

That'll Learn 'Em

Maybe you've noticed how vegetable prices have slumped in many districts since merchants have found that people won't—and can't—pay 8d. for a lettuce or 1s. for a cucumber.

Officialdom should see that prices are kept steady on *all* classes of foodstuffs.

They're "Fuehrerous"

Not that we have as much reason to grumble as German housewives. They can, if they slink to a "black" market, buy coffee. Price, 20s. a pound.

Potatoes are still scarce, even at 7d. a pound. Cucumbers cost 3s. each.

Clothes in Nazi-land are now three times dearer than at war's outbreak, even when obtainable. Mourning, of course, is as strictly forbidden as the publication of casualty lists.

Do German women still thank their Fuehrer for saving them from the costliness of war?

Refugees to Help!

Many Dutch and Belgian refugees are peasants.

Britain urgently needs land workers. Solution seems obvious.

Turned Away!

Strange story reaches us of balloon barrage volunteers who enlisted in Manchester. Some came from as far away as Belfast and Scotland.

Medically examined and passed, they were told to return home for a few weeks because there were no vacancies.

Some of the men argue that the R.A.F. shouldn't issue radio appeals for recruits unless they can enter the Service at once. Sound sense!

They're Still Dodging

Complaints still reach us—too numerous to be quoted in detail—of misuse of the Reserved Occupations list.

You know the sort of trick. The boss's son, formerly a clerk, is hurriedly given a job he can't do in the factory, is therefore classed as a reserved worker, and dodges military service.

Mr. Bevin is busy with bigger things. Yet his officials ought to be able to tackle this comparatively small but infuriating scandal.

Point to Note

A trade union speaker complains that a skilled precision worker toiled for three weeks polishing a name-plate to commemorate a Royal visit to an engineering firm.

We can imagine what the Royal Family would think of such a waste of skilled labour.

But there are plenty of other firms squandering time, talents—and the lives of Service men.

Tighten up the inspectorship system, Mr. Bevin—and see that the inspectors make their visits without notice.

Heroes to a Man

You heard how R.A.F. pilots volunteered *en masse* for a highly dangerous and important job. We can cap it.

In the same week, sailors at a naval base were paraded, told that a few volunteers were wanted for a risky job and should report to the office.

Dismissed, the entire parade turned up at the office.

TO OUR READERS

IN the interests of national economy and in order to conserve newsprint supplies, the size of JOHN BULL has been reduced.

Readers will find that their interests have not suffered. The editorial features and services remain unaltered.

This has been done by sacrificing advertising revenue.

We have full confidence in the co-operation of our readers during this period. They may rest assured that now, as always, their interests will come first.

And don't forget to write to "John Bull" about any problem or complaint!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR BY THE EDITOR

The BEGINNING — Not the End!

"LIKE clockwork!"—the faint-hearts groan—"Everything has gone like clockwork for the Germans!" It may be so, yet clockwork always runs down in the end, and German clockwork is notoriously more ingenious than durable.

So keep your chins up and your hearts high.

Rejoice that we are fighting as men, not as clockwork robots.

We have lost a battle, but we have fought a rearguard action that will live in history. We have lost many gallant men, but we have saved four-fifths of our Expeditionary Force.

And we have made the Nazis pay dearly for every yard of conquered territory. Their advance is estimated to have cost them half a million casualties, apart from immense losses in tanks and planes.

MOREOVER, THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR. ON THE NEW FRONT, SIDE BY SIDE WITH OUR GRAND ALLIES, WE SHALL FIGHT ON IN INCREASING NUMBERS AND WITH A VASTER ARMOURY.

AND THE CLOCKWORK TIME-TABLE OF GERMANY WILL ULTIMATELY BREAK DOWN, AS IT DID IN THE LAST WAR, WHEN ALL SEEMED LOST AND THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO RESIST THE ROBOTS BUT THE VALOUR OF FREE MEN.

*

"Misfortune," says Monsieur Reynaud, the French Premier, "has always made France greater."

That is true, and, being true of France, is no less true of our own country.

"JOHN BULL" TELLS YOU THAT NEVER BEFORE HAVE THE BRITISH AND FRENCH PEOPLES SET THEIR MINDS SO RESOLUTELY AND SO COMPLETELY ON DECISIVE VICTORY, NOR FACED AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE WITH MORE CERTAIN CONFIDENCE.

Hitler himself has begun to realise the indissoluble unity of the Allies. He hoped that the Belgian surrender would demoralise the French.

He was "banking" upon some present or future opportunity to drive a wedge of doubt and distrust through the spiritual front of the Entente, but that front has proved impregnable.

THE evacuation of our Northern Army and the loss of the Channel ports have but tempered the steel of our resolve. The enemy is at our gates; the fortress of these islands must be made impregnable.

Clockwork! . . . for the time being we have been driven back by Hitler's clockwork army.

The bravest men cannot indefinitely resist the inhuman attack of superior mechanised forces.

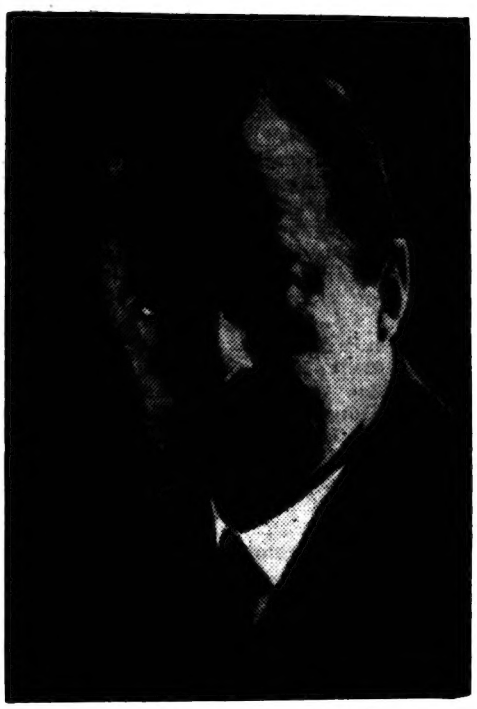
But this devilish clockwork of tanks and bombing aircraft, on which Germany has spent six years of toil and blood and treasure, can't last indefinitely.

Its mainspring is petrol and oil, and one day the mainspring will break. It must be wound up incessantly by skilled hands that take long to train. It has to run "all out" all the time.

Our vital need during the coming months is to match it with better machinery of our own.

HERE ON THE HOME FRONT WE HAVE BUT TWO TASKS.

THE FIRST IS TO KEEP OUR FIGHTING MEN SUPPLIED WITH IMMENSE NUMBERS OF THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPONS OF WAR;



Minister of Information Duff Cooper, in his many inspiring radio calls to the nation, has told us that the great battle of Flanders was the beginning—not the end of the Allied effort

THE SECOND TO ORGANISE OUR OWN DEFENCES.

Nothing else matters.

Our lives are unimportant, because a Nazi victory would rob them of all value.

Our private fortunes, if we have any, count for nothing, because an Allied defeat would wipe them out of existence.

We *must* give all we have and all we are to the common cause. The alternative is the total loss of all that makes life worth living.

*

To doubt the victorious outcome of this war against infamous tyranny betrays a wavering spirit. To spread those doubts abroad is a betrayal.

Mr. Duff Cooper has told us all how we should reply to rumourmongers and defeatists.

"Either you are a paid agent of Germany," we should tell them, "or else you are an unpaid one doing German propaganda for nothing."

That is literally true.

COWARDS, FOOLS, OR TRAITORS; *ALL* LOOSE-TALKERS ARE PUBLIC ENEMIES AND MUST BE TREATED AS SUCH.

BUT THE STEADY MEN AND WOMEN, WHO REFUSE TO BE DISMAYED BY "HEAVY TIDINGS." AND NEVER LOOK "DOWN IN THE MOUTH," BECAUSE THEY *WON'T* GIVE WAY TO PERSONAL ANXIETIES, FORM THE FIRST-LINE TROOPS OF HOME DEFENCE.

Let us fight with them in that first line.

SO let us curb our tongues and fortify our courage by the simple, sensible resolve to get on with our jobs and put everything we've got into our work.

Work and save—that is the burden laid on every fit man and woman.

Those of us who are not wearing uniform must show no mercy to ourselves.

It doesn't matter what jobs we are doing.

If we should be working in industries not yet classified as "essential" and not, as it seems, directly concerned with the nation's war effort, we still have the right to assume that they contribute to the common cause.

If they do not, the Government has the power to close them down, and will certainly not hesitate to use it.

But full-time work in a full-time job is not *necessarily* a full contribution to the country.

In certain industries, geared directly to the machinery of war, the workers are already doing such long hours that they cannot be expected to help in any other way.

But there should be no such things as "spare time" or "spare money" for the rest of us.

WE owe both to our country in its hour of need.

Another Budget will be introduced in the near future, and it will certainly impose heavier taxation.

We shall accept it cheerfully, knowing that it were better to be taxed down to subsistence level, if necessary, than to stint our fighting men of their utmost requirements.

The call is to save and to lend.

It is *not* enough to save what you can *comfortably* afford. Good citizens must be willing to sacrifice comforts.

Let them "pinch themselves" to keep awake to their duty!

Finally, JOHN BULL asks all readers to consider whether they cannot give some of their time to the country as willingly as they are prepared to lend their money.

Almost all the voluntary services designed for the protection of our land against air attack or against invasion could enrol additional helpers.

And it cannot be denied that hundreds of thousands of people have spare time available in which to assist in these services.

Some leisure and some hours of recreation we must still reserve for the body's needs.

We may forgo holidays, but we must have some periods of rest and relaxation, lest our work suffer.

But, beyond this minimum, no one has a right to "spare time." It belongs to the country and should be offered freely as and when it can be used.

So only can we take advantage of the "illimitable resources" that we command.

So only can we defeat and destroy the deadly menace of Hitler's clockwork time-table and robot legions.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Courage is Something More Than Mere Bravery

COURAGE is a quality needed by every one of us these days, yet it is not enough merely to be brave, to face danger without showing fear.

To possess courage you must also possess faith. Robert Browning knew that when he wrote of:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

True courage is a quality that does not need an audience.

"True bravery," wrote a philosopher, "is often best shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world."

Nothing truer was ever written. It is not easy to be brave in solitude. It means facing up to fear, standing up to the fear of being afraid, defying the temptation to give way just because there is no one to see.

An Irish dramatist defined it rather well nearly 300 years ago:

"Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independent spark from heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud."

To be afraid is not to be a coward. Only a fool is never afraid. That is why real courage lies in conquering fear, the emotion that we must all conquer before it enslaves us.

That is why it often takes more courage to live than to die.

"Valour," said Emerson, "is the power of self-recovery."

Let us leave it at that. It will bear thinking about.

OPEN LETTERS

The Rev. HENRY COOK,
London Supt., Baptist Union

REVEREND SIR,—While respecting your piety, I regret that your religious fervour outruns your discretion. So will most religious people.

"If some of our ministers would get as heated about the only war that matters as Mr. Churchill does about this war," you declare, "we should see something in our churches."

Do you not realise that Christianity as well as our very lives depend on the war you consider of no importance?—JOHN BULL.

Capt. HAROLD BALFOUR, M.P.,
Under-Secretary, Air Ministry

DEAR SIR,—A large R.A.F. camp is divided by a secondary road on which there has been heavy motor-coach traffic in recent weeks.

The joy-riders may be good citizens. But how can you be sure?

That road should be closed for the duration.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD.—Creating food stores at 1,600 centres throughout the country has been one of the best feats of organisation in recent years.

Next you should turn your attention to food waste.

Monstrous that from one port alone a thousand boxes of fish have been sent to the manure factories!

Lack of demand is not the trouble, but lack of distribution.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Norwich

GENTLEMEN,—I have always demanded fairplay for conscientious objectors. But to favour them at the expense of fighting men is infamously un-British.

Thirteen of your officials are pacifists. They remain at work—six and a half hours a day—receive full salary and bonus, can sit for examinations, and at the war's end may get the best jobs because of experience.

Yet you refuse allowances to single men who are battling for their country for 2s. a day. I can imagine their thoughts.—JOHN BULL.

Able-Seaman EDWARD DARBY,
Chatham

DEAR DARBY,—So you thought a Welsh parson was asking you questions about naval secrets.

I can understand your bewilderment when, after hearing a policeman speak to him in Welsh, you were ordered to go away.

I can even believe that you thought they were foregn spies.

But you were unwise, of course, to seize the parson and hit the policeman on the jaw.

The magistrates let you off with £2 8s. costs, perhaps forgetting that such a sum would eat up your pay for many weeks.

Evidently the way of the well-meaning citizen is still hard.—JOHN BULL.

Deputy Quarter-Master-General,
War Office

DEAR GENERAL,—I realise that not all Army volunteers can be drafted quickly to active service. But you will agree that their enthusiasm and skill must not be allowed to wane because of inactivity.

Some men who responded to Sir Malcolm Campbell's appeal for motor drivers have not been allowed at the wheel since they joined up.

Others have driven only twenty-five miles in a couple of months, have spent the rest of the time in picking up litter.

Surely I have only to mention it for you to see that they are given more useful duties.—JOHN BULL.

Col. J. J. LLEWELLIN,
Ministry of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—No one doubts that your new Ministry is determined to double our aircraft production. Already its impatient energy is manifest in the surmounting of old difficulties.

But here are allegations that you may not yet have had time to probe.

Men on night shift at one aircraft factory are making model bombers to while away their time.

At a near-by works men are sometimes idle for days through lack of electric drills and jigs. Yet when the jigs are obtained they are scrapped at the completion of a job instead of being kept for future use.

Mechanics at a Northern factory come in their Sunday best to play cards because of the shortage of raw materials.

You must be ruthless in smashing these scandals.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Latest shot in my battle against your snoring officials:

A widow applied for pension last January, and has not had a decision. She has been refused Public Assistance and is trying to keep four people on 29s. a week—the R.A.F. allowance of a daughter-in-law who has gone to live with her. But for that she would starve.

That is one of the least tragic results of your officials' delay. Doesn't it shame you?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—There is little in recent political history to equal the chorus of thankfulness at your appointment.

The nation knows you will get things done.

Your first acts have confirmed the reputation you won as "London's Prime Minister" for high organising ability, resourcefulness and imagination.

I know you are pleased with the response of arms workers to your appeal for greater production. You have reason to be.

They will do all you ask. ***But do not ask them to do too much.***

I realise the need for them to work twelve-hour shifts, seven days a week, for a short while. But I remind you of the experience of the last war; the advice of the Government's own experts in this.

Overlong hours, if continued for weeks, result in lack of accuracy and breakdowns in health. It has been proved that a twelve-hour day actually produces no more than a ten-hour shift.

You will get higher production by arranging shifts to allow adequate rest periods. And you will guard against "dud" shells and faulty equipment.

Many unemployed builders are bench-workers—joiners and other skilled craftsmen—whose services could be used in armament factories. I am sure you and Mr. Ernest Bevin will bear this possibility in mind.

Finally, I know you will not repeat your predecessor's boast that our production of shells is ten times greater than in 1914. You will instead see that it becomes twenty times as great—and more.

In this all-essental task you have the nation's confidence and support.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Exeter

GENTLEMEN,—Without warning, hundreds of your ratepayers found themselves waterless.

From Monday night till Wednesday morning no water was available except that brought in lorries.

It is said that poor aged folk had to trudge hundreds of yards to the lorries and wait half an hour before being served, although big houses were served directly.

Far more serious is the actual breakdown.

Inexcusable that you have apparently made no arrangement for an alternative supply in these critical times!—JOHN BULL.

Sir RALPH GLYN, M.P.,
Watchdog on Army Spending

DEAR SIR RALPH,—Your latest report should have placed more stress on the failure to seek local advice when choosing sites for Army camps.

I looked the other day at a soggy expanse of pasture land. Thousands of pounds have been spent on draining it.

Any local man could have told the War Office that the place was unsuitable. Indeed, anyone could see that water drained into it from a high hill.

It may not be easy to get good sites.

But there seems no excuse for choosing the worst.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Wisely, children are being evacuated from the eastern counties. But people living in a military town, with aerodromes near by, have no air raid shelters.

People living in vulnerable areas near London either have no gas-masks or no shelters.

When will such muddles be cleared up?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—A dose of ginger might enliven the chilly brains of some agricultural committees.

A smallholder with five acres applied at Easter for a grant under the ploughing-up scheme. Officials admitted that the ground was good for crops—and gave him an application form for a grant in 1941!

Rather than leave good soil fallow for a year, the owner is turning it over with a spade. He has a better conception of the nation's needs than some of your lieutenants.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER,
War Office

DEAR SIR,—Before me are more than a dozen letters complaining of delay in granting Army allowances.

Men have their pay stopped for an allotment to their wives—and the wives don't get a penny.

One woman has been waiting forty weeks for a child's allowance.

At the risk of wearying my readers, I shall continue to expose the fumbling inefficiency of your department.—JOHN BULL.

MAYOR AND CORPORATION,
Beckenham, Kent

DEAR SIRS,—There is a war on. There is need of stringent economy.

Although the Ministry of Health has rightly refused a grant, you insist on "making-up" a residential road that leads nowhere. The whole cost will fall on the residents. The materials should be used on work of national importance.

Now that you know we are at war, you will surely suspend the scheme.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—A reader tells me that near her house, in a lonely part of an eastern county, is a powerful searchlight left unguarded.

Yet troops are stationed in a near-by village.

Why not give them something to do?—JOHN BULL.

"Hope and Go On Hoping"

HOPE, though the world around you seems rocking in agony. Hope, though the way ahead is dark, too dark for your eyes to see. Hope, though the powers of destruction are gaining with dreadful strength. Hope, though the darkest shadow seems of never-ending length.

HOPE, though wrong things seem to triumph and the right things seem to lose. Hope, and keep on Hoping, and whatever comes refuse to lose the touch of glory which God gave to you, my friend; so Hope, and go on Hoping, for things will come right in the end.

HOPE when the sounds of danger draw nearer every day. Hope and you'll find by Hoping the powers of Fear you'll slay. Hope through that awful moment which once in our lives we meet, when Panic offers to our soul that ugly thing Defeat.

HOPE, and go on Hoping, and help others to hope too, though Life seems one vast upheaval there's always the Brave Way Through; and the darkest roads of Peril lead to the greatest height, and the loveliest morn that ever shines comes after the blackest night.

SO Hope, and go on Hoping, against most appalling odds; yours is the job to struggle through, the answer alone is God's. And with your soul unbeaten you will feel His Healing Touch, for remember, whatever happens, *He won't let you bear too much.*

J. M.

Total War Puts Britain On Her Mettle

This is the story of a battle that has never been mentioned in any war communique. It is the story of Britain's battle against all those shortcomings that make us content to muddle through a war before we get down to the job in earnest. We have won that paramount battle in the last four weeks

THINK back a month ——

We had just under a million unemployed, highly skilled craftsmen among them.

Some farmers had been waiting months for ploughs.

The Government was "sending Department Ministers all over the country to make speeches letting the country know what our needs were."

Mr. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Supply, warned the Germans to beware of our "quiet calm." What stupid words!

Half the munition-making machines of Britain were lying idle all night.

Only the biggest engineering firms could get war contracts. Smaller firms were being fed with little odd jobs by bigger enterprises.

Whitehall was boasting about gigantic orders and making no mention of deliveries—the only things that matter.

Firms on war work were having to scramble for their raw materials. Army, Air Force and Admiralty fought to get early delivery.

The Government was so busy prophesying an inactive war that munition makers felt the shells they were making might never be wanted.

Finally, YOU.

Be honest with yourself. Unless you are in the fighting services you, too, had been lulled into the belief that we could win without any particular effort.

We thought little more was wanted than to dig for victory, knit for victory or save for victory—a month ago to-day.

But now——

A JOHN BULL representative stood at the gates of a London munition factory at 7.30 the other morning.

A door opened, out poured six hundred women. They had been working all night, on machinery that stops for 15 minutes in every 24 hours—for adjustment.

They were leaving on time not because they were clock-watchers, but because they had been jostled from their machines by women of the next shift.

The younger ones touched up their lips before they moved off through the empty streets. They would be back again at their machines before anybody would notice their looks.

They do this seven days a week.

But what does that matter in war-time?

In four weeks the trade unionists of Britain, men and women alike, have pledged themselves to the men who have to bear the heat of battle.

Their holidays have gone.

What a hell of a time they would have given, a year ago, to any autocrat who sought to take those holidays from them.

To-day—what a hell of a time they would give to anybody who said, "Go on. Go to Blackpool as usual. The Army can manage."

Six hundred women.

What a tiny part of the national effort. But it's happening everywhere.

In one factory twelve thousand men and women work on night shift side by side, and if there's one woman who is afraid to go home in the dark she's never mentioned it.

If there were no black-out you would realise how immense our effort has become in the last few weeks. The skies of our biggest cities would be bright-lit by the glare from factories. You would see our biggest industrial centres a hundred miles away.

One centre has poured out thousands of tons of locomotives and rolling stock for French railways in the month of re-awakening. They are made to metric measures. Parts have had to be detached to enable them to go over British lines to ports.

Workers are going to turn out 130,000 tons of such trains in short time. A thousand tons will come from London park railings.

A month ago such eager young men as this were talking about the war, denied a chance to get on with the job of helping the Army. Now they are working twelve hours a day, seven days a week

Bottle-necks that have been slowing down aircraft production for months have been demolished within 24 hours.

It meant herculean efforts by aircraft workers to make up lost time, but when the working programme was submitted to them they said, "We can do more than that, and we're going to."

Trade Union officials have been besieged by young people whom the law says can't work at nights, yet are clamouring to work as long and as often as is required.

In one town that used to be a sleepy hollow after midnight, more than two hundred thousand people are working in day-and-night factories, in the din and heat of forge, foundry and engineering shop—many for 12-hour shifts seven days a week.

"And the only thing that breaks," said one man, "is the belting."

To talk to these workers is to realise that Britain is unbeatable in the last resort.

Some travel sixty miles to and from work.

In the roar of some of the arsenals, you find girls who were doing delicate millinery tasks in the hat shops of the West-end a few weeks ago.

Britain has been scoured for girls with the delicacy of touch necessary in the making of the finest of fuses, in which the maximum margin of error permitted is one five-thousandth of an inch.

They work with bottles of milk beside them. They stop now and then to pour the liquid down their throats in great draughts. There is nothing finicky about them now—and no thoughts of slimming.

The workers couldn't have made such efforts a few short weeks ago.

Under a system that required you to buy iron in Tothill Street, tin at Rugby, aluminium at Shrewsbury, and so on, firms found themselves lacking supplies.

Some found themselves lacking money Payments for Government work were often cruelly slow.

The few workers required to work all night sometimes found themselves stranded because, in the general muddle, they were let down by night transport systems.

Some of the most highly specialised firms doing the finest work couldn't quite get down to the contract price of other firms, no matter how they tried.

So they found themselves with no war work to do.

Within 24 hours of Winston Churchill making his revolutionary Cabinet changes, every man and woman working for that firm was in a train bound for a town hundreds of miles away—on work they should have been doing from the week war broke out.

It seems incredible that six months ago the British Government was inviting owners of paraffin lamps to lend 24,000 to the State for lighting Army huts!

But we've dropped cadging ideas.

At last we've got a Government that knows just what is wanted in the way of aeroplanes, shells, guns, bombs, and the 20,000 other service requisites necessary to fighting such a war as this.

We've got men of drive to plan production properly.

And, more important than all, we've got the industrial fighters necessary.

And they are on the offensive.

Nothing will stop their Big Drive.

FLYING STRETCHERS

ON the day when the combined Allied offensive started in the Battle of "the Gap" a North Country sergeant, a reader of JOHN BULL, went into action with his unit near Cambrai.

At eight o'clock in the morning he was severely wounded by a shell from a German tank gun.

By eleven o'clock the same morning, three hours after he had fallen in the din and smoke of battle in France, he was being wheeled into a hospital ward in the British countryside!

He had been carried in one of the fleet of flying ambulances operating between certain casualty clearing stations and home aerodromes.

40 "Sitting" Cases

These aircraft, formerly giant air liners, can rush hundreds of serious casualties (providing they can be moved) to specialist care in British emergency hospitals.

Machines are fitted to take twenty stretcher or forty "sitting" cases, as well as a doctor and nurse to look after the patients during the journey.

A lot is written about new death-dealing weapons, but little enough of new life-saving techniques, especially the wonderful organisation created by the Army Medical Services for handling casualties.

When the B.E.F. had their first experience in dealing with the onslaught of the German mechanised hordes, communiqués described the early stages of the conflict as a "mêlée," with both sides inextricably confused. British units were in front and behind German advance forces, and nobody knew the exact position even from day to day.

Army medical units had to rescue the wounded from that hellish "scrum," yet the machine worked without faltering.

In No-Man's Land

Hundreds of wounded were brought in speedily to advanced dressing stations along roads choked with debris and fleeing civilians, and from there evacuated to the casualty clearing stations, which frequently had to move at an hour's notice.

New mobile surgical units were in some cases performing urgent operations in No-man's Land.

And hundreds more enemy wounded helped to swell the burden of work.

As Germans sent no medical units forward with their tank armadas, their wounded were left to die where they lay—or to be tended by "stupid British."

Medical First Line

The "first line" of the Army Medical Services organisation are battalion medical officers.

Each has his quota of stretcher-bearers, soldiers of the unit trained in first-aid work. They bring the wounded in to him at the aid post, where, after some preliminary attention, he passes them on to waiting Royal Army Medical Corps orderlies and drivers who take them on to advanced dressing stations.

These stations are now so well equipped that the mobile surgical units at advanced stations can even perform operations on head injuries. Wounded are then passed further to field ambulance headquarters and casualty clearing stations.

Men are still further sorted out and, according to the nature of their injuries, are treated on the spot, sent to a base hospital, or to England.

Miniature Hospital

A modern casualty clearing station is a hospital in miniature.

Although its main purpose is to handle a shifting population of wounded (perhaps thousands in twenty-four hours), it is nevertheless able to carry out immediate treatment, especially for gravely wounded men.

There are operating theatres, X-ray and blood-transfusion plants, and "wards" staffed with nursing sisters.

Army Medical Service chiefs planned the organisation with an eye to speed in evacuating casualties from the battle area, and to bringing skilled attention to their injuries as early as possible.

Spared Suffering

From the moment somebody cries "Stretcher-bearers," the injured man passes swiftly along a chain that can function in the most adverse conditions.

He will receive skilled attention at every link in that chain. Not only are many lives saved, but the wounded man is spared a legacy of pain in after-life.

MR. F. J. WHITE DUPES GLAMOUR GIRLS

WHEN I warned you a fortnight ago about the "National Savings Pool" scheme organised by Mister F. James White, of South Bank, Haslemere, Surrey, my investigators were still busily rummaging into the facts of this man's career.

And now they have discovered that this "war time philanthropist" is a jailbird who started advertising in newspapers for "social and dance hostesses" for provincial hotels a fortnight after being released.

Young women who answered him found that he was a striking, well-dressed young man, eager to give them jobs with his agency and to travel with them to first-class provincial hotels.

Advising them to take their jewellery and their best clothes, he would call for them in expensive cars, pack their valuables carefully away, and after travelling some miles stage a "breakdown."

While the young women were out of the car waiting for repairs to be effected, White would drive away with their valuables, leaving them stranded.

For obtaining £1,400 by false pretences he was sentenced to a term of five years' penal servitude.

Nothing daunted, he started on his release such swindles as the "Book Censorship Board." "The Faculty of Criticism" and the "Royal College of Literature." Establishing sumptuous headquarters in Knightsbridge, he took fees from people who thought they were going to review books after entering an examination under White's tuition.

He even obtained large sums of money by offering a "college" for sale.

In this instance he advertised "£150 secures established agency. Made £2,000 approximately in last two years."

He told people who replied that 921 students each paying two guineas had taken the agency's examination.

During his career he has managed at least five different businesses about which complaints have been lodged.

When he was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for fraud last spring it was said that he had seven previous convictions in such names as Julian and Hargreaves.

Yet he is now asking people to speculate 15s. in his "National Savings Pool" competition.

You have only to forecast the date of Armistice Day and to persuade three friends to do the same to win a lot of money, says White. Meantime, he is promising young authors that for £4 3s. 4d. he will recommend their books to a thousand library subscribers, and in this way establish their fame.

Well, he should know how to establish a name for anybody with a record like his.

* * *

Fit Only for W.P.B.

BEFORE going any farther, I must issue a warning about these philanthropists who would have you think that their one object in life was to make money for you!

Obviously in need of money themselves, they seem quite content to part with ideas "worth millions" for a "couple of bob."

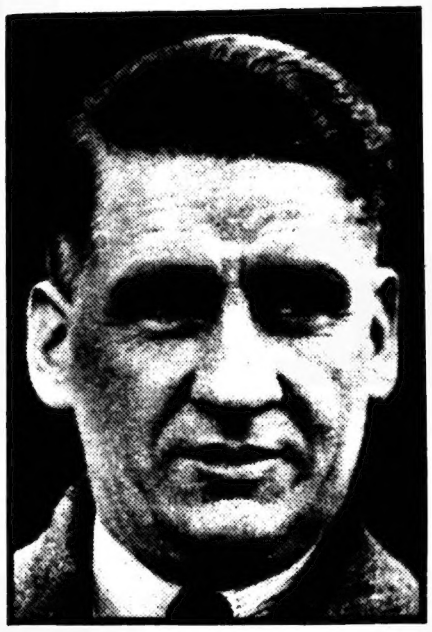
And I can't help thinking that anybody falling for such unconvincing sales-talk doesn't deserve much sympathy.

Yet my postbag bulges with enquiries about these "philanthropists" from people who have been invited to participate in the promised fortune.

The methods by which intended victims are circularised are so well organised that there is sometimes only one concern behind their seemingly independent offers. This belief is in a way strengthened by the similarity of language used by these men in their gaudy literature.

Fit only for the waste-paper basket are the leaflets sent out by "C. Luckman," of High Street, Eton, near Windsor, who modestly describes himself as a "wonderful money-getter" when singing the praises of his "genuine" and "incomparable" selections.

He claims to be "out to defeat the ends of pernicious pirates and of certain individuals who are entirely lacking in 'grey matter.'" But as he forgets to explain what he means, nobody is any the wiser.



Mr. A. Edwards, M.P. for Middlesbrough, intervened when his local "dig for victory" enthusiasts got a raw deal.

All he wants you to do is to back his selection and add 2s. for him. You do not pay for the information: you give him what he wins on that 2s.

Nice work for Mr. Luckman if he can get away with it.

He causes a certain amount of trouble by being blessed or blessing himself with the same name as the racing correspondent of a daily newspaper, and from the information before me there is no doubt that some of his victims trust him implicitly because they confuse him with the acknowledged expert.

Prominent among these artful gentry flourishing on the credulity of the get-rich-quick is C. Dowding, of White Cottage, Bucklebury Slade, Reading, who asks 5s. for three letters because there is not a trial or a gallop at important racing establishments in Berkshire that is not reported to him by one of his agents.

J. Franklin, of Havelock House, Albert Street, Newmarket, says he is in the know because prominent trainers ask him to take their horses to race meetings. He does it only to get the right information for you—straight from the horse's mouth!

He supplies the names of "certs" as long as you put 5s. on for him, and send on the winnings.

Another who wants this 5s. bet as his reward is "hush-hush" H. Clemson, of River Villa, Lisburn Road, Newmarket, who says, "If this letter doesn't interest you, please destroy it and do not give my name and address to anyone." He knows the danger of careless talk.

* * *

Watch Your Cheque Books

ONE noted Scotland Yard Chief had only one regret when he retired a few months ago after devoting twenty years to a relentless war on the world's most vicious forgers.

He grieved because he had not been able to put an end to the activities of the most notorious modern penman.

And this forger, the "Jim the Penman of 1940," is still a trial to bank managers and police. He has been "wanted" for over a year.

Hundreds of cheques have been passed by his agents, but his hand provides most of the signatures. He has assumed such names as Payne, Ball, Drewe, Plover, Dell, Crookes and Mason, and large sums have been paid out on cheques that have been stolen.

Only the other day a woman, well known in a small Kentish town, repudiated a withdrawal for £40 that was listed in her bank-book. Enquiries revealed that the signature had been forged on a cheque from a book stolen from her a few days previously.

And the police were in time to prevent several other cheques from the same book being cashed in the neighbourhood.

Meantime, they are watching for train thieves who ransack luggage during long journeys in the hope of finding cheque-books.

So it is necessary for you to keep as close a watch on your cheque-book as on your identity card. One bank recently, deceived by "Jim the Penman's" cleverness, paid out £300 to a member of his gang.

* * *

Close Him Down

ONE naturally has great sympathy for people hard-hit by the war, but I doubt whether the war is *entirely* the cause of the present situation of H. S. Readhead, alias The Consolidated World Research Society "Limited."

I have always known the "research" to be extremely "limited," and I am glad to disclose that his premises are equally so! He now occupies two small offices on the first floor at 418, Strand, London, W.C.

There are two girls working in the outer office, which is poorly furnished, who seem to have nothing to do except to twiddle their thumbs. Judging, however, by the spate of threatening letters now being issued by Readhead from a duplicating machine, I should have thought they would have been very busy.

Perhaps the inner office, however, accommodates this great Society, and also the Bureau, where one can obtain knowledge and information on every conceivable subject, not forgetting the "eminent scientists" whose names for reasons of "professional etiquette" cannot be disclosed!

There is also the Debt Recovery Department to be accommodated. . . . It seems to me that this inner office must be rather like the Black Hole of Calcutta—especially during the black-out hours.

I am wondering whether the situation of H. S. Readhead as a matter of fact is due to the exposures which I have made, on so many occasions, in these columns. If such is the case I shall hope to learn soon that he has gone out of business.

I have just had the opportunity of reading his latest Quarterly Supplement. I cannot find the printer's or publisher's name and address as required by our laws, so I presume that it is printed in America—indeed that appears to be perfectly obvious in view of the fact that it contains (inter alia) a long list of American subjects recently deceased, whose names would be unknown to anybody in this country.

Almost daily I continue to receive complaints from people whom Readhead's travellers have duped, which encourages me in the hope that I may soon see the shutters up at 418, Strand, London, W.C.

* * *

Testing Their Faith

THE imp of frustration which sometimes pervades the ship of State just when things should be made to run most smoothly has been testing the faith of a hundred Middlesbrough men who were eager to "Dig for Victory."

They formed an "Allotment Association" last September and asked the authorities to give them the use of two derelict fields near their homes.

The town hall authorities, equally enthusiastic, approached the Ministry of Agriculture, but months slipped away without anything happening.

And then Mr. A. Edwards, the local Member of Parliament, discovered that the Ministry did not give permission "because the land was used for grazing."

Yet no cattle had been grazed on the land for years, there was no fencing, and it had been used as a children's playground. The owner of the land told the secretary to the Allotments Association that he was quite content for it to be used as allotments.

But permission was still officially refused for the land to be allotted, and if it had not been for another landlord intervening by offering some of his land free of rental the hundred would-be diggers for victory would not yet have started work.

In eight weeks they have staked out eighty-six plots, dug the ground, planted greens and more than six tons of potatoes. But they have done it in spite of, rather than because of, officialdom. They found there was no elasticity in red tape.

A Guinea for the Public Benefactor

MISS E. HETHERINGTON, of Hunter Hospital, Kirkcaldy, has been awarded this week's guinea for bringing to my notice the operations of an agency that distributes obnoxious circulars through the post.

Readers are invited to write to me about any subject needing enquiry. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address them personally to me.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

The Greatest of These

FOR twenty odd years Margaret's father suffered physically and mentally for his share in the last war. Eventually he had to go into hospital for treatment, and he remained a patient for eighteen months. When at last he was discharged, still paying the price of his gallantry in the last war, he could not find work. For seven months he has not earned a penny, even though he has a wife and two children to support.

And now he is desperately in need; not only in need of encouragement to go on struggling, but also of those few essentials that will be necessary if he is to exist at all.

Surely you can help this man, who is highly praised by the vicar of his parish.

At least you can relieve his immediate distress by donations, earmarked "Margaret" or to our General Fund, "John Bull" War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application. Meantime, we express our gratitude to readers who send to us under various pseudonyms.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

THE NAVY IS ON GUARD

COMMANDER H. PURSEY, R.N., "John Bull's" naval expert, faces the facts of invasion and shows why Hitler is heading for trouble if he thinks he can crack Britain's magnificent lines of defence

WAR is on Britain's doorstep. The Nazi drive into the Channel Ports brings nearer the menace of invasion.

For the first time in one hundred and twenty-five years the safety of these shores is a topic of alarmed conversation.

"Nazi troops only twenty-one miles away."

"They could cross the Channel in an hour. . . ."

Natural that such comments should be heard in every town!

Folly to ignore the possibility that Hitler has always aimed at as a certainty!

But what are the facts?

The first fact is the Royal Navy.

Twenty miles of undefended land might be a joy-ride for Nazi tanks whose crews are flushed with victory over a helpless civilian population.

But twenty miles of deep water, fortified by a powerful naval force, will provide Hitler with a greater obstacle than Napoleon ever had to surmount.

Shattered "Fleet"

For four years in the last war Huns occupied Zeebrugge and Ostend.

Their navy, even though inferior to ours, was capable of convoying an invading army.

But it refrained.

It knew that such an attempt was doomed to disaster.

To-day the French ports in enemy hands are nearer to Britain. Moreover, the Norse coast is controlled by Nazis.

Yet, if Channel ports in enemy occupation are nearer to us, they are farther from Germany. It would be more difficult for Nazis to provide the naval support essential to a successful passage across the Straits of Dover.

And the German Navy is a shattered rump that could be pounded to pieces by British battleships.

If Hitler does make the attempt—and we must expect it—he will have to depend on a fleet of motor boats to ferry half a million troops to England.

THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE ANYTHING FROM 10,000 TO 20,000 VESSELS IN SUCH A FLEET.

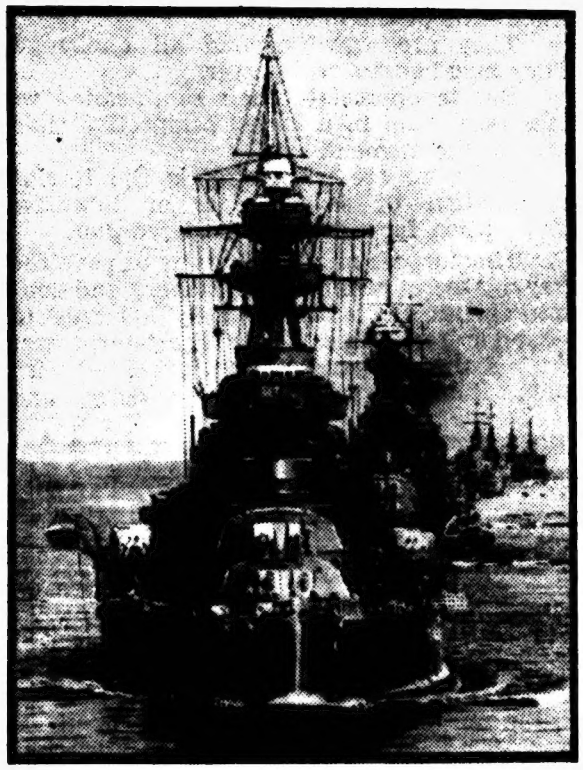
Inviting Defeat

If he employed larger ships, presuming he possesses them, at least two hundred would be necessary to transport 100,000 troops, their tanks, guns, ammunition and supplies.

For the Gallipoli landing, Allies used 75,000 men and fifty huge transports merely to take them to their base. Warships and a transport run ashore were used for the actual landing.

Before long, the number of troops had to be doubled.

If Nazis sent such a force in relays of ships, they would invite defeat. To send them in a single convoy would be to provide our Navy with an even easier target.



Twenty miles of deep water, fortified by a powerful naval force, will provide Hitler with an obstacle that he cannot easily surmount

That is not all.

Hitler would have to give his transports security against mines and attack by submarine and aircraft. Even though his guns controlled the Channel Ports, he could not give that guarantee.

He would also have to gain control of a British port with a suitable jetty for unloading heavy tanks, guns and supplies.

Strong forces of the British Army on Home Service, backed by several hundred thousand "parashooters," form a formidable first line of defence that would make it almost impossible for him to gain such a foothold.

Moreover, the French Channel Ports are not suitable for embarkation of an army.

Every sailor knows that the depth of water along the French-Belgian coast is insufficient for ships of army transport size.

Ports and equipment could be made useless by heavy bombing attacks of the kind that has brought such credit to the R.A.F. in recent weeks.

Naval bombardment could inflict heavy casualties on concentrations of Nazi troops.

It is doubtful whether Hitler could assemble sufficient ships. The reason is that transports proceeding from Germany to captured Channel ports would have to run the gauntlet of Allied North Sea patrols.

I am equally doubtful whether fast motor boats presenting little targets to British warships, could penetrate our defences.

U-boats Too Slow

They would be attacked by our own motor boats and aircraft. Their survivors would be machine-gunned as soon as they reached our shores.

And they could not be protected by submarines and aircraft, as the Nazis claim. Submarines are too slow to smash through the might of the Allied Fleets.

Even so, the British Navy alone has sunk or damaged more U-boats than Germany possessed at the war's beginning—at least seventy-one casualties.

Nazi air attack on warships prove that with rare exceptions they can not only repel the attackers, but also bring them down.

I am not forgetting the very real menace of invasion by air.

Undoubtedly we must be ready for it. Undoubtedly it could cause considerable dislocation, alarm and difficulty.

But parachutists cannot conquer a country. They have only a nuisance value unless backed by considerable troop reinforcements.

Parachutists Fail

There is no reason why we should hesitate to face the facts about Nazi parachute troops.

The terrifying publicity given to their work in Norway and in Holland has shown us what to expect. We know that they were disguised as women, clergymen, nuns, postmen and policemen, that they carried automatic pistols capable of firing two hundred shots without being reloaded. We know, also, that of the 10,000 German parachutists landed in Holland only 3,000 survived to tell the tale.

Most of them were shot before they even reached the ground.

Others hit the ground with such force that they were too stunned to offer resistance when overtaken by angry soldiers and civilians.

Indeed, the German view that 20,000 parachutists might achieve success in Britain is fatuously optimistic now we have been forewarned and forearmed.

Nazi Catastrophe

As American experts point out, such an invasion would be spectacular and destructive. It would not provide a strong foothold in Britain.

WE ARE RIGHT TO TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION TO SEE THAT THE PARACHUTISTS DO NOT REMAIN AT LIBERTY FOR EVEN A FEW HOURS IN OUR COUNTRY.

WE SHALL BE RIGHT, ALSO, IF WE REMEMBER THAT WITHOUT THE SUPPORT OF A STRONG NAVY THEY CAN ONLY SABOTAGE AND NOT SUBJUGATE OUR LAND.

Most would almost certainly become victims of the R.A.F.'s magnificent fighters before they could land. The rest, we must hope, would be rounded up within a few hours by the Regular Army, assisted by the Local Defence Volunteers.

Although prepared to face invasion, we may take heart in the emphatic assertion by Admiral Yates Stirling, former chief of staff of the United States Fleet.

Germans will never get an army across the Channel, he declares. The British Fleet will never be defeated by an armada of motor boats.

"The final result of such an attempt might be catastrophic for Germany and should be welcomed by the British Navy."

It would be.

SEEN THE MAD MAJOR TO-DAY?

"I saw him behind High Wood, on the Somme. He had taken over a battery for the day and was directing a murderous fire."

★ **"He dived his aeroplane out of the clouds near Morocq and sent five German fighters down in flames."**

★ **"When the Scots Greys were cut up before Arras he turned up on a white horse and led the remnants of that gallant unit in one last charge."**

THERE you have the Mad Major of the last war as three ex-soldier readers of JOHN BULL honestly believe they saw him.

Scores of readers have written in that way since it was stated, in a footnote to a correspondent's letter, that the Mad Major was a myth!

Ex-Driver Ginnett, of the 2nd Cavalry Division, believes that "when the Uhlans were threatening to cut us up in the retreat from Mons, he suddenly took charge and led us round and round in a circle. The Germans, seeing the same men come round again and again, imagined we were in great numbers and fell back."

Ex-officer W. Sharp, of London, W.C., says: "I never saw him myself and therefore wouldn't swear he existed, but hundreds of men under me were quite sure they had seen him.

"They added that he seemed unkillable. Some described him as having a red beard."

Curiously, eleven readers give him a red beard.

Actually a member of the JOHN BULL staff claims to have seen him—meets all denials angrily.

Alas, for this interesting story. The letters of readers who defend it prove it to be one of the greatest legends that ever came out of war.

One reader saw him in Palestine at a time when another reader saw him in a battleship in the North Sea, which was at a time when at least five readers saw him in France.

They saw *somebody*, and they saw somebody brave, but he wasn't the Mad Major.

NO SUCH PERSON EVER EXISTED.

"No such man ever served in the Army," says the War Office.

"Nor in the Air Force," adds the R.A.F. "And certainly not the Navy," says the Admiralty.

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But my folly was because I believed in the fatuous and unlamented "leaders" who mishandled our war effort.

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I am now a parashot. My bit towards the common cause is the loss of a few hours' sleep every second night.

I've not had a rifle in my hands for twenty years. Four hours' duty on patrol is killing, at first.

But, heaven knows, it's nothing compared with what the Navy, the Army and the R.A.F. are doing night and day.

We have all got to set a new standard of values; we have to attune ourselves to a new scheme of life and living.

The petty sufferings and sacrifices so far endured by us on the home front count as nothing against the desperate heroism of those who are protecting us.

I wish that every civilian some night could stand in a garden and watch, as I have watched, waves of British bombers roaring eastward to unload their cargoes.

I wish every civilian could see a hospital train arrive, see the quiet endurance of the wounded, see alive in their eyes still the fire of an undefeated spirit.

I wish that every civilian, if only for a fleeting second, could feel the shame and humiliation that I felt when I saw those things.

I was tempted to call this article a confession of failure. Instead, it is a confession of faith.

If I can be stirred out of my arrogant complacency, my smugness, my assumption that there was no need for more men and women in the Local Defence Volunteers, the Auxiliary Fire Service, the Air Raid Precautions and similar organisations on the home front, so can you.

If you, as I did for months, have shirked your obligations as a Briton, as a citizen, as a man, I hope you will bestir yourself to action.

Whatever extra duty you take on, whatever job you do, put into it the best you have. Above all, be spurred on by faith in your country's ultimate victory.

Faith, plus toil, plus a knowledge that willy-nilly we are all in this struggle 100 per cent., will pull us through.

ORY

Holland's great gold reserve, amount- to more than £150,000,000, enriches the ting power of the Allies.

Denmark and Holland, deprived of d" from abroad, can no longer help to Germany.

Belgium's great iron and steel works been wrecked.

Germany is using her oil reserves at a ligious speed, and has no means of acing them.

She used to import 80 per cent. of her rom America. Now she gets none.

Her lack of high-octane oil, which came America, is supposed to be one of the ons for her startling inferiority in the

The expected help from Russia has not realised, and the devastations of the ge frost of last winter are stated to have royed the prospects of the potato crop Germany.

The nation is hag-ridden with the ght of another war winter like the last, it is this fact which explains Ribben- 's insistence that Hitler will dictate e in Paris—or is it London?—in August. It also explains Herr Ley's promise that "Strength through Joy" tourists shall a trip to Brighton in September.

TURN TO THE CASE OF THE ALLIES. ASTER HAS NOT SHAKEN US: IT CLOSED OUR RANKS AND FIRED MINDS WITH UNCONQUERABLE OLUTION.

Our command of the sea is established nd challenge.

Our qualitative superiority in the air is sensation of the war. Our quantitative eriority is but a matter of months.

We have only touched the fringe of our ense productive power, both in men and itions.

All the resources of the world are at our mand. We have the men, we have the s. we have the money, too.

Wonder of Mankind

HE heroism of our seamen and airmen is the wonder of mankind, and in the darkest hour the courage of the British ier is always at its highest.

The whole Empire, from New Zealand to ada and from South Africa to India, is me with the crusade to save civilisation the barbarians.

The Americas are with us in spirit if not ction, and the moral judgment of the d is mobilised behind us.

Both we and France have Governments we trust, and their commands we shall no matter what the cost in life or sure.

Above all, we have the noblest cause for ch men were ever called upon to live or

We are fighting not for territory or th, for gain or power: we are fighting for freedom of the world against the hideous el of the jungle.

Better to perish from the earth than er the fate that Hitler and his nation of nas design for us.

But we shall not perish from the earth. We shall steel our hearts against what- terrors the lightning stroke has in store us.

WE SHALL GATHER OUR STRENGTH HURL THIS MONSTER BACK INTO HELL FROM WHICH IT CAME.

We Can Depend on Attlee

Says HANNEN SWAFFER

In the strenuous days ahead Clement Attlee will remain resolute whatever happens . . . . he is calm, dependable and respected by all his colleagues.

"SOCIALISM in our time." Often have I heard that phrase at great public meetings. Often I have read it in pamphlets. Always I have smiled.

"When it comes," I said to myself, "they won't know it. It will not happen on one particular day. It is a gradual evolutionary process in which all Parties will take a share."

Yet two weeks ago it happened in three hours!

Without opposition, Parliament passed the Emergency Powers Defence Bill, and the King gave his assent.

And it was quiet-mannered Clement Attlee, suddenly made Lord Privy Seal, who stood up in the House to move the first reading in a speech of only 400 words.

Two hours and a half later Parliament had placed the entire nation—its lives, its property, its banks, its businesses, its homes—at the disposal of the Government for use how and when the Government chose.

His Old School Tie

Clement Attlee, driven by the nation's need, was the mouthpiece of a Government, predominantly Conservative, that had taken powers to nationalise everything.

Attlee had made many Socialist speeches. But this he had never visualised.

It was a strange fate that made him the Government's instrument in this work. He was so middle-class, so unobtrusive, so much a product of what is called the "bourgeoisie."

His father was President of the Law Society.

Clement was sent to Haileybury, where he qualified for an Old School Tie, and to University College, Oxford, where he took an honours degree in history.

Called to the Bar in 1905, he soon tired of waiting for briefs. So he went to the East End of London as secretary of Toynbee Hall in 1910.

For the first time he then saw life in the raw; its grim poverty, its drabness, men the victims of machines, slumdom, overwork, horror. . . .

He became a Socialist. He joined the Fabian Society. He joined the Independent Labour Party.

Meeting Sidney Webb and his wife, he was soon helping them in their attack on the Poor Law, and exposing sweated industries.

Clem Attlee is seldom moved to fury or extravagance of words. But he has a deep sense of justice.

First Socialist Mayor

Soon he was lecturing at Ruskin College, the Oxford settlement where working men learn how to become trade union leaders, and then at the London School of Economics, where young men and women, more often drawn from the middle class, get their facts right.

When the war came Attlee was sent to Gallipoli, where he commanded a covering party at Suvla. Going farther East, he was wounded in the Relief of Kut. Then he became a major in France, and was wounded again.

In hospital when the Armistice was signed, he went back to civil life.

He was one of those who came back from the battlefield determined to make Britain a "land fit for heroes."

Some won Labour majorities on borough councils for the first time, and blundered along with no previous experience of government.

And Clem Attlee found himself the first Socialist Mayor of Stepney, seeking to apply what he had learned.

He entered Parliament as member for Limehouse in 1922, and married Violet Helen Millar in the same year.

A year later he was Ramsay MacDonald's private secretary, and he became Under-Secretary of State for War in the first Labour Government in 1924.

In the second Labour Government he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and then Postmaster-General.

Then came Ramsay's great betrayal. And in the debacle of Labour, Clem was among the few Socialists who held their seats. He became deputy to George Lansbury, and was Leader of the Opposition for months while Lansbury was nursing a broken leg.

When Ernest Bevin and the other trade union leaders, realising the menace of Nazidom, drove Lansbury from the leadership in 1935 because of his Pacifist views, Attlee stepped into Lansbury's shoes.

Ever since, Clem Attlee has led the Opposition.

Unfortunately, he has no platform manner.

He is too precise, too colourless. He cannot sway great audiences in the same way as MacDonald and Lansbury, as Snowden and Keir Hardie.

Yet he has been deeply respected in the House for years, not only for his knowledge, which is much deeper than you would guess when talking to him, but also for his extreme fairness.

He is not a Parliamentary orator. But you can depend on him. He will always do his job, and he has the confidence of the back benchers, who know he has never sought anything for himself.

Hates Being Photographed

This also has worked against Attlee. He does not like publicity. He does not even enjoy being photographed. You would find it hard to interview him. He reserves his opinion.

Even his newspaper friends, who, realising his great qualities, have sought to make him a public figure, have been dissuaded, almost, by Attlee's reserve.

He never wanted advertisement.

It was the Cause that mattered, not he. It was the millions of the workers who were the Movement. He did not want to be paraded

When war broke out, he and Greenwood were offered big jobs in Chamberlain's Government. So was Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader

They all turned them down. They did not trust Chamberlain. They did not like Chamberlain.

To Labour he represented industrialism, cold-blooded and hard. They had disliked his harshness as Minister of Health. They had hated his Budgets, which, they felt, took the side of Wealth and the City.

Well, eight months passed, and then Chamberlain fell. In the Commons Attlee moved the resolution that brought him down.

Two days later, Clem telephoned from Bournemouth to 10, Downing Street, where Neville was still hanging on hopefully.

"Labour will join a new Government under a new Premier," said Clem.

That was the end of Chamberlain.

An Expert on Strategy

So now Attlee is Lord Privy Seal, one of the Big Five, calm, dependable, consulted on military matters, of which he has a great knowledge.

I like Attlee. So does everybody who knows him. I respect him.

"If only he had more flair," I have often said.

In the strenuous days ahead, Clem will remain resolute, whatever happens.

Yet sometimes those of us who know him think back to those days in 1910 when he went to the East End—just to help.

Little did he dream then that the horror he saw would so stir him that it would put into his mind ideas which, in an hour of crisis, would lead to his being called to one of the highest positions in the land.

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We have all got to set a new standard of values; we have to attune ourselves to a new scheme of life and living.

The petty sufferings and sacrifices so far endured by us on the home front count as nothing against the desperate heroism of those who are protecting us.

I wish that every civilian some night could stand in a garden and watch, as I have watched, waves of British bombers roaring eastward to unload their cargoes.

I wish every civilian could see a hospital train arrive, see the quiet endurance of the wounded, see alive in their eyes still the fire of an undefeated spirit.

I wish that every civilian, if only for a fleeting second, could feel the shame and humiliation that I felt when I saw those things.

I was tempted to call this article a confession of failure. Instead, it is a confession of faith.

If I can be stirred out of my arrogant complacency, my smugness, my assumption that there was no need for more men and women in the Local Defence Volunteers, the Auxiliary Fire Service, the Air Raid Precautions and similar organisations on the home front, so can you.

If you, as I did for months, have shirked your obligations as a Briton, as a citizen, as a man, I hope you will bestir yourself to action.

Whatever extra duty you take on, whatever job you do, put into it the best you have. Above all, be spurred on by faith in your country's ultimate victory.

Faith, plus toil, plus a knowledge that willy-nilly we are all in this struggle 100 per cent., will pull us through.

ORY

Holland's great gold reserve, amounting to more than £150,000,000, enriches the fighting power of the Allies.

Denmark and Holland, deprived of "feed" from abroad, can no longer help to feed Germany.

Belgium's great iron and steel works have been wrecked.

Germany is using her oil reserves at a prodigious speed, and has no means of replacing them.

She used to import 80 per cent. of her oil from America. Now she gets none.

Her lack of high-octane oil, which came from America, is supposed to be one of the reasons for her startling inferiority in the air.

The expected help from Russia has not been realised, and the devastations of the savage frost of last winter are stated to have destroyed the prospects of the potato crop in Germany.

The nation is hag-ridden with the thought of another war winter like the last, and it is this fact which explains Ribbentrop's insistence that Hitler will dictate peace in Paris—or is it London?—in August.

It also explains Herr Ley's promise that the "Strength through Joy" tourists shall have a trip to Brighton in September.

TURN TO THE CASE OF THE ALLIES. DISASTER HAS NOT SHAKEN US: IT HAS CLOSED OUR RANKS AND FIRED OUR MINDS WITH UNCONQUERABLE RESOLUTION.

Our command of the sea is established beyond challenge.

Our qualitative superiority in the air is the sensation of the war. Our quantitative superiority is but a matter of months.

We have only touched the fringe of our immense productive power, both in men and munitions.

All the resources of the world are at our command. We have the men, we have the ships, we have the money, too.

Wonder of Mankind

THE heroism of our seamen and airmen is the wonder of mankind, and in the darkest hour the courage of the British soldier is always at its highest.

The whole Empire, from New Zealand to Canada and from South Africa to India, is aflame with the crusade to save civilisation from the barbarians.

The Americas are with us in spirit if not in action, and the moral judgment of the world is mobilised behind us.

Both we and France have Governments that we trust, and their commands we shall obey no matter what the cost in life or treasure.

Above all, we have the noblest cause for which men were ever called upon to live or die.

We are fighting not for territory or wealth, for gain or power: we are fighting for the freedom of the world against the hideous gospel of the jungle.

Better to perish from the earth than suffer the fate that Hitler and his nation of hyænas design for us.

But we shall not perish from the earth.

We shall steel our hearts against whatever terrors the lightning stroke has in store for us.

WE SHALL GATHER OUR STRENGTH AND HURL THIS MONSTER BACK INTO THE HELL FROM WHICH IT CAME.

We Can Depend on Attlee

Says HANNEN SWAFFER

In the strenuous days ahead Clement Attlee will remain resolute whatever happens . . . . he is calm, dependable and respected by all his colleagues.

"SOCIALISM in our time." Often have I heard that phrase at great public meetings. Often I have read it in pamphlets. Always I have smiled.

"When it comes," I said to myself, "they won't know it. It will not happen on one particular day. It is a gradual evolutionary process in which all Parties will take a share."

Yet two weeks ago it happened in three hours!

Without opposition, Parliament passed the Emergency Powers Defence Bill, and the King gave his assent.

And it was quiet-mannered Clement Attlee, suddenly made Lord Privy Seal, who stood up in the House to move the first reading in a speech of only 400 words.

Two hours and a half later Parliament had placed the entire nation—its lives, its property, its banks, its businesses, its homes—at the disposal of the Government for use how and when the Government chose.

His Old School Tie

Clement Attlee, driven by the nation's need, was the mouthpiece of a Government, predominantly Conservative, that had taken powers to nationalise everything.

Attlee had made many Socialist speeches. But this he had never visualised.

It was a strange fate that made him the Government's instrument in this work. He was so middle-class, so unobtrusive, so much a product of what is called the "bourgeoisie."

His father was President of the Law Society.

Clement was sent to Haileybury, where he qualified for an Old School Tie, and to University College, Oxford, where he took an honours degree in history.

Called to the Bar in 1905, he soon tired of waiting for briefs. So he went to the East End of London as secretary of Toynbee Hall in 1910.

For the first time he then saw life in the raw; its grim poverty, its drabness, men the victims of machines, slumdom, overwork, horror. . . .

He became a Socialist. He joined the Fabian Society. He joined the Independent Labour Party.

Meeting Sidney Webb and his wife, he was soon helping them in their attack on the Poor Law, and exposing sweated industries.

Clem Attlee is seldom moved to fury or extravagance of words. But he has a deep sense of justice.

First Socialist Mayor

Soon he was lecturing at Ruskin College, the Oxford settlement where working men learn how to become trade union leaders, and then at the London School of Economics, where young men and women, more often drawn from the middle class, get their facts right.

When the war came Attlee was sent to Gallipoli, where he commanded a covering party at Suvla. Going farther East, he was wounded in the Relief of Kut. Then he became a major in France, and was wounded again.

In hospital when the Armistice was signed, he went back to civil life.

He was one of those who came back from the battlefield determined to make Britain a "land fit for heroes."

Some won Labour majorities on borough councils for the first time, and blundered along with no previous experience of government.

And Clem Attlee found himself the first Socialist Mayor of Stepney, seeking to apply what he had learned.

He entered Parliament as member for Limehouse in 1922, and married Violet Helen Millar in the same year.

A year later he was Ramsay MacDonald's private secretary, and he became Under-Secretary of State for War in the first Labour Government in 1924.

In the second Labour Government he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and then Postmaster-General.

Then came Ramsay's great betrayal. And in the debacle of Labour, Clem was among the few Socialists who held their seats. He became deputy to George Lansbury, and was Leader of the Opposition for months while Lansbury was nursing a broken leg.

When Ernest Bevin and the other trade union leaders, realising the menace of Nazidom, drove Lansbury from the leadership in 1935 because of his Pacifist views, Attlee stepped into Lansbury's shoes.

Ever since, Clem Attlee has led the Opposition.

Unfortunately, he has no platform manner.

He is too precise, too colourless. He cannot sway great audiences in the same way as MacDonald and Lansbury, as Snowden and Keir Hardie.

Yet he has been deeply respected in the House for years, not only for his knowledge, which is much deeper than you would guess when talking to him, but also for his extreme fairness.

He is not a Parliamentary orator. But you can depend on him. He will always do his job, and he has the confidence of the back benchers, who know he has never sought anything for himself.

Hates Being Photographed

This also has worked against Attlee. He does not like publicity. He does not even enjoy being photographed. You would find it hard to interview him. He reserves his opinion.

Even his newspaper friends, who, realising his great qualities, have sought to make him a public figure, have been dissuaded, almost, by Attlee's reserve.

He never wanted advertisement.

It was the Cause that mattered, not he. It was the millions of the workers who were the Movement. He did not want to be paraded

When war broke out, he and Greenwood were offered big jobs in Chamberlain's Government. So was Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader

They all turned them down. They did not trust Chamberlain. They did not like Chamberlain.

To Labour he represented industrialism, cold-blooded and hard. They had disliked his harshness as Minister of Health. They had hated his Budgets, which, they felt, took the side of Wealth and the City.

Well, eight months passed, and then Chamberlain fell. In the Commons Attlee moved the resolution that brought him down.

Two days later, Clem telephoned from Bournemouth to 10, Downing Street, where Neville was still hanging on hopefully.

"Labour will join a new Government under a new Premier," said Clem.

That was the end of Chamberlain.

An Expert on Strategy

So now Attlee is Lord Privy Seal, one of the Big Five, calm, dependable, consulted on military matters, of which he has a great knowledge.

I like Attlee. So does everybody who knows him. I respect him.

"If only he had more flair," I have often said.

In the strenuous days ahead, Clem will remain resolute, whatever happens.

Yet sometimes those of us who know him think back to those days in 1910 when he went to the East End—just to help.

Little did he dream then that the horror he saw would so stir him that it would put into his mind ideas which, in an hour of crisis, would lead to his being called to one of the highest positions in the land.

Men and Machines are now pouring in from every corner of the British Empire, and

ADOLF Can't Stop Them!

The first Hurricane fighters built in Canada have already been in action . . . droning over the enemy lines looking for trouble, they are symbolic of the Commonwealth's great Victory Drive

We feel behind us not only the weight of the vital supplies that the Empire can give, but also the power of the united resolve from every quarter of the British Commonwealth to win through to victory in the end. . . .

IT was significant that a few hours after Mr. Duff Cooper, Minister of Information, had uttered these words in a radio speech to the British Empire his listeners should also hear a rumour of a massed flight of British bombers, droning across the moonlit Atlantic to reinforce the Allied war effort.

Canada deserves first place in the Commonwealth's victory drive. For in the unpretentious Jackson Building, flanked by drug stores and furniture shops in Bank Street, Ottawa, the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan has been given vigorous life.

Concentrating on man-power, the plan was to establish seventy training camps in Canada for Empire pilots. To cost more than £100,000,000 in three years, the scheme is already well ahead of schedule.

Twelve thousand pilots a year will be the output of the camps.

Two famed squadrons with their ground staffs have already been "delivered."

It is the same with the production of aircraft. Factories are going "full out" twenty-four hours a day for seven days a week. The first Hurricane fighters built in Canada have been in action already.

For Empire-built aircraft, the engines are built in England, the framework in Canada.

NINE of the Dominion's leading industrialists have pooled their resources to build plants for the assembly of these machines.

They alone have spent £20,000,000 of the £240,000,000 that Canada has devoted so far this year to her war effort. Canadian aircraft factories are already turning out bombers by the score, trying to beat the record established by the training camps.

Australia's aircraft factories are also going "full out."

And in estimating the tremendous resources of the Empire it must be remembered that Australia is now well on the way to being an industrial power in her own right.

She is able to produce herself a third of the aircraft that she is to supply under the Empire Training Scheme.

She has signed contracts for Bristol-Beaufort bombers to the value of £1,600,000; Wirraway second-line freighters built in Australia will cost her £800,000; training aircraft nearly £600,000, and American machines £300,000.

Ten thousand men will soon be working in Australia on aircraft production, and it is expected that £25,000,000 will be spent in the next two and a half years on aircraft production and maintenance.

Australia has undertaken to provide 14,300 pilots, 16,173 air crews and 27,000 ground personnel. These do not include the Australian airmen already in France.

Pupils of the Australian instruction camps have surprised their coaches by their astonishing ability to grasp the rudiments of flying.

New Zealanders have already brought glory to the R.A.F. in their own machines, ordered and delivered before the outbreak of war.

Another 4,000 New Zealanders are to be trained as pilots in Canada. South African airmen are serving in France, while at home the air force is being rapidly expanded.

With its ideal climate and environment for air training and the establishment of aerodromes, Rhodesia is ensuring a steady flow of pilots to the Western Front.

Again the wide-open spaces of the Empire are specially suited to developing men of courage, initiative and resource, those qualities so essential to an air fighting force.

And out of the United States there comes an invincible, never-ending stream of first-class war machines.

The United States Neutrality Bill has been amended to make it possible for American pilots to fly new fighter aircraft straight from the factories to the maritime states of Canada, where they will be loaded on ocean-going transports.

UNTIL recently aircraft had to be towed across the Canadian border to prevent infringement of the neutrality laws, and even with the latest amendment craft will have to land near the dividing line, so that registrations can be changed according to international law.

Still, it means a considerable saving of time

Snugged down in the holds of well-guarded cargo steamers there are row upon row of aircraft, sent out by the New World to help in saving the Old.

It is stated that the Allied Purchasing Board, with offices in New York, has already ordered aircraft costing £64,000,000—the finest machines produced by the American Boeing, Douglas, Lockheed companies.

The Allies have even been promised the first machines produced of America's latest long-distance fighting craft, a combined bomber-fighter that is claimed to be the best machine of its kind that has ever taken to the air.

The biggest bomber in the world is made by Boeings. This giant has a 150-ft. wing-span; Britain's pre-war biggest was about a hundred feet.

It weighs more than thirty tons, and the Americans don't exaggerate when they call it the XB 15 Super Flying Fortress.

More than 670,000 man-hours of engineering work and shop-labour are needed for its construction. There are seven miles of wiring in its electrical system alone.

Modern safety devices include elaborate radio equipment, navigation instruments, cameras for daylight star-photography to check bearings, an automatic pilot, de-icing installations, wing-flaps to reduce landing speed, and fire-protection.

Armament includes six big gun emplacements, two beneath the hull, and accommodation for a nightmare bomb-load. Speed and range are in keeping.

There is no suggestion that the Allies are to employ the Flying Fortress, yet these details illustrate the ingenuity of American designers.

THE American B17, an all-metal four-engined bomber, weighing 22 tons, with 4,000-h.p. engines, has a range of 3,000 miles and a speed of 260 m.p.h. It can carry a 10,000 lb. bomb-load; yet its wingspan is only 105 ft.

Then there is the Lockheed XP38 fighter, a twin-engined affair, which has a cockpit forming a central bulge integral with the wingspans, and a kind of double-fuselage, bearing engines and tail equipment. Imagine what it feels like to rush up the sky behind twin 2,250-h.p. Allison engines at a speed of 480 m.p.h.!

The XP38 carries machine-guns and an air cannon, costs about £20,000 to build, and has a range of more than a thousand miles.

The new Bellanca monoplane fighter recently flew from Cleveland, Ohio, to Newcastle, Delaware, with only two of its three engines fitted.

The starboard engine was removed, and an iron ballast weight bolted on instead, to prevent the machine flying with one wing high. In spite of reduced power and one-sided pull, the machine averaged 300 m.p.h.

American Parasol-type monoplanes for Army co-operation have a range of speed from about 50 to 300 m.p.h. They can land and take off in a small space. Useful for aerial photography, such machines can be employed to drop food and ammunition to advanced posts when communications are cut by shellfire.

They can be used as air ambulances. They can put down a barrage on advancing enemy infantry.

AMERICA'S most formidable fighter is the Bell Aircuda pusher warplane. Having the propeller *behind* the wing, it has a high speed, and carries the heaviest armament of any aeroplane of its class.

This brief survey, not only of the Empire's air potentialities but also of the aircraft offered to us by eager manufacturers in the United States, shows that while Hitler is already drawing heavily on his limited reserves, the Allies have unlimited supplies.

Adolf underrated the Empire when he said that it would fall to pieces at the first attack on Britain.

His answer now can be found in the humming aircraft factories of the Commonwealth; in the bronzed Empire pilots now shooting down Nazi aircraft; in the ships laden with precious metals, aircraft, snugged down in the holds without their wings, agricultural produce and troops from Australia, Canada and New Zealand.

No wonder his ersatz bacon and eggs do not taste so good these mornings when he reads yet again of how the Empire's sinews of victory get stronger every day.

Old Men of the Air Ferry

With aircraft production breaking new records, the "old gentlemen of the air," who ferry machines from factories to Service Squadrons, never have a minute to spare.

SIXTY of these "old gentlemen," ranging in age from twenty-eight to fifty, ferry the country's entire Service aircraft output with the assistance of ten young women.

Known as the Air Transport Auxiliary, they wear a dark blue uniform.

All the Same to Them

Fast fighters to heavy bombers—the "old gentlemen" fly them all. A Hurricane in the morning, a Wellington in the afternoon, a Blenheim or a Spitfire to-morrow morning.

It's all the same to them. They are the most versatile pilots. The young women ferry only the light training machines.

From Land's End to John o' Groat's they are constantly ploughing the airways. They know the face of Britain as intimately as their own back gardens.

Most of them are ex-owner pilots, who once flew only for pleasure.

They make the best ferry pilots.

Having learnt how to be careful of their own property, they are all the more qualified to fly the Government's £10,000 to £50,000 aircraft without damaging them.

Many Transport Puzzles

These pilots are employed by British Overseas Airways, a State-owned corporation, and the condition of their employment is that they have no commitment for service with the R.A.F.

Administrative work of feeding service aerodromes with machines from factories is considerable.

There are three main centres. One in the Thames Valley, a second in the North of England, and a third in the West. The young women have a centre of their own.

At short notice a ferry pilot may be required to fly a machine from a factory 200 miles away from his centre to a Service aerodrome 100 miles in another direction.

Ten "Taxi" Pilots

Captain Norman Edgar, the A.T.A.'s chief transport officer, is responsible for the complicated business of getting several dozen pilots to factory destinations and picking them up again from Service aerodromes at which they have dumped their valuable charges.

He has ten pilots doing nothing but "taxi" their colleagues about the country.

Mr. d'Erlanger, a stockbroker and a director of British Overseas Airways, is Commanding Officer of these "old gentlemen" and young women of the air.

Old Man's Machine?

Among his staff he has such adventurous figures as Rupert Bellville, famous amateur bull-fighter and Spanish War pilot; Canadian Captain Bardbrooke, Chief Ferry Officer, who has flown 133 types of aircraft, and P. A. Wills, holder of many gliding records.

Few members of Mr. d'Erlanger's "gang" had ever seen the inside of a multi-engined machine before they joined the A.T.A., but after a short "refresher" course at the Central Flying School, they were ready to fly anything.

Hurricanes and Spitfires are being constantly ferried by fifty-year-old Keith Jopp, who lost a hand while flying fighters in the last war.

"The modern fighter is an old gentleman's machine, my dear fellow," said he to a "John Bull" representative.

So much for the story that only young men can fly modern fighters.

FOUGHT THREE FIGHTS TO WIN ONE

A. W. HELLIWELL

Continuing his stories of Giants of the Ring proclaims Benny Leonard greatest Jewish boxer of all time. Yet he never forgot his mother's advice.

PLUMP little Momma Leiner gave her boy Benny some good advice when he first stuffed his fists into boxing-gloves.

"Listen, Benny," she said. "If being fighter is going to make you happy hat's all right by me, but don't go etting a head that's too big for your at if you win. Let the 'flash' boys o the talking.

"It won't get you nowhere."

So Benny grew up to become the most nassuming world champion. He never orgot his mother's advice.

Even when the whole sporting world as acclaiming him the greatest Jewish oxer of all time, Benny remained the me.

The prizes of success, the fortune that ame tumbling into his hands, the roar f the crowd—all these meant little to im.

"Every cent I earn is for Momma," e used to say.

Jack Dempsey told me he ranked the ewish champion the best ever, and you ould have to take a long walk to find shrewder judge than the old Manassa auler.

BENNY LEONARD was the Dempsey of lightweights when it came to money-spinning.

The dark-haired, smiling scrapper om the ghetto was worth his weight gold to promoters of twenty years go. When he defended his world title gainst Lew Tendler, the Philadelphia uthpaw, in New York in 1923, he drew record gate for a lightweight contest. Sixty thousand people paid £100,000 watch him give Tendler a fifteen-ound boxing lesson.

When they met a year previously, endler's right-hand style had tied enny in knots for half the fight.

By staging a two-fisted grandstand nish in the closing rounds, Leonard anaged to snatch the decision. But e was so dissatisfied that he demanded return fight.

With nothing to lose, Tendler gladly ccepted the opportunity of another tilt the championship. But Leonard arted making his plans as soon as he eturned to his hotel room.

He locked himself in, and with pencil nd paper before him made notes of he peculiarities of Tendler's style and of is own mistakes while they were still resh in his mind.

Then he set about forming a plan of mpaign for their next fight.

Punch by punch he went back through he twelve-round fight, and he tried out he lessons he had learned against four ifferent southpaw-sparring partners, wo of whom were in Tendler's own class.

When he stepped into the ring one ight in July, 1923, Leonard was more onfident than he had ever been of inning a fight.

He knew exactly how to deal with hose hard, fast right-handers with hich Tendler had jabbed him out of ep before. He moved in and out like shadow in boxing boots, and every time e Philadelphian's right missed, Benny's raight left smacked home.

That was not the first time the cham-ion used experience gained in one fight whip an opponent at another meet-ng.

He began throwing out challenges to Freddy Welsh in the days when the Welshman held the world title. With his usual cunning, Freddy refused to meet such a dangerous opponent in anything but a ten-round no-decision bout.

FREDDY'S idea was to test Benny's possibilities without risking his title, but the Jewish boy beat him in this game of pugilistic chess. At the end of the ten rounds he knew more about the champion's style than Welsh knew about his.

A few months later they met in another no-decision ten-rounder, and Benny, still eager to learn more about Welsh before he made his real bid for the championship, again boxed on the retreat.

Even though he won nearly seventy of his two hundred odd bouts by knock-outs, Leonard was sometimes described as a fighter who could "not punch a hole in a paper-bag."

Not having been so much as shaken by anything Benny had produced in the shape of a punch, Welsh agreed to meet him for a third time.

He was still cautious enough to stipulate that it should be on the same terms as before, but he entered the ring confident that his title was safe.

He was sure that Benny did not pack a punch likely to keep him on the floor for ten seconds.

But the Jewish fighter's studies were over.

The fight was not two minutes old when the champion's cynical smile was wiped from his lips as he staggered back against the ropes vainly trying to defend himself from the hail of punches rained on him by Leonard.

THROUGH two contests the Jewish "scrapper" had played a mild Dr. Jekyll; now he was a ferocious Mr. Hyde, a grim-faced fighting demon with a punch like dynamite in either fist.

He chased Welsh relentlessly, hammering lefts and rights to his stomach. Realising the danger, Freddy fought back with desperate speed and fire, but nothing could stop the boy from the ghetto.

In the fourth round Leonard tried a trick he had worked out in the gymnasium. He left his chin uncovered, a tempting target for Welsh's sleep-producing right hand.

The champion needed no second invitation. Lightning fast he punched, but Benny's counter was even faster, and as it landed with a crisp smack on Freddy's chin, the Welshman's knees jack-knifed.

Instinctively he clutched at Benny as he swayed forward, and, clinging to him like ivy on a wall, he managed to weather the round. He reeled back to his corner like a man already beaten, but he came out for the fifth session with something of his old confidence restored.

The old Welsh smirk was playing around his battered lips.

For sixty seconds he kept Leonard at bay with well-timed blows, and it seemed that he might stage a rally that would save his title. But the Jewish boy smashed his way to close quarters, driving vicious, terrible blows to the Welshman's ribs.

For three more rounds he battered the champion unmercifully, and then in the ninth came the dramatic finish.

All through the "breather" Benny had been fidgeting restlessly in his corner, eager to get back into action now that victory was in sight.

As the gong rang he bounded across the ring with his fists poised.

He was in Welsh's corner almost before the champion had time to rise, and the first punch of the round, a terrific right, dropped Freddy like a felled log.

It smashed all the sense from that already bemused brain. Freddy forgot all his cunning and scrambled immediately to his feet instead of taking advantage of the count to rest.

Benny was on him like a tiger.

That right fist hooked viciously upwards, and Freddy dropped to the canvas again.

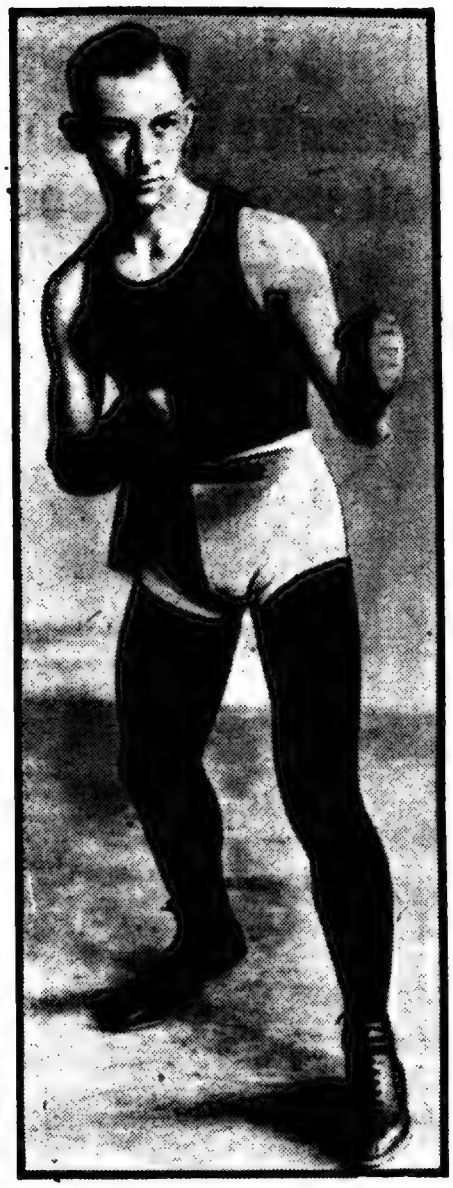
PATHETICALLY he shook his head to clear his brain as he levered himself on to his knees, but a single shaky pace forward was all he took before Benny's left crashed into his face to send him sprawling over the ropes.

There he hung for a moment, out on his feet, while his seconds, the referee and Leonard all hesitated.

Leonard was stepping forward to finish him off as mercifully as possible when the referee motioned him back.

The champion slipped from the ropes into the arms of his seconds.

He was out to the world.



Scores of brilliant lightweights have appeared in the ring during the last quarter of a century, but Benny Leonard stands without peer

The Army's Lifeline

HOW the vast, intricate system of B.E.F. has been kept going during the last critical weeks, despite being broken in parts, reopened, salvaged or lost, will prove to be an epic without parallel in the history of the Army.

You can glimpse the heroism needed to keep "communications" open if you try to imagine what happened when the B.E.F. moved into Belgium, away from the long-prepared battlefront, and the swift-moving Nazi mechanised "crash" troops swept behind it in the hope of disorganising lines of supply.

* * *

See how the lines run behind the Line. . . .

First the port of disembarkation.

From the port *everything* the Army needs is moved to the not-far-away base.

The base may nominally be such a town as Abbeville, yet actually the vast paraphernalia of all the Army needs is dispersed over an area of many miles so as to minimise danger of loss by presenting many small targets instead of one big target.

From the base, serving one or more Army Corps, Everything-Else moves by train and road along the line to the ammunition and stores dumps dispersed at various camouflaged points.

* * *

The Division provides yet more dumps farther up the line to feed the regiments, and the regiments feed the battalions and companies.

The Royal Army Service Corps supplies all food, ammunition, petrol and stores.

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps supplies all stores for equipment, maintains and repairs anything from radio sets to big guns.

Royal Engineers build temporary light railways, look after bridges, water supply, drainage.

The Royal Corps of Signals links everything and everybody with an intricate network of radio, telegraphy and telephony.

* * *

To feed the ten to twelve thousand men of one Division alone for one day the R.A.S.C. fetches and carries 12,000 pounds of bread, 10,500 pounds of frozen meat, 6,500 pounds of vegetables, 9,000 pounds of potatoes, 2,250 pounds of bacon, 2,275 pounds of sugar, 1,500 pounds of milk, 9,000 pounds of biscuits, 9,000 pounds of preserved meat—not forgetting the supply of 220 pounds of tobacco or cigarettes and 4,000 boxes of matches.

The Ordnance Corps carries thousands of tons of munitions a day during a battle, and keeps up a continual replacement and repair of weapons—guns, tanks, machine-guns, rifles and multifarious equipment.

Flush the kidneys dissolve uric acid cleanse the blood

with a daily glass of

FYNNON SALT – the spa cure at home

The Spa elements, Sodium, Potassium and Lithium in Fynnon act as a gentle internal rinse. Large tins 1/3. **NEW TRIAL SIZE 6d.**

KEEP YOUR TEETH BEAUTIFUL WITH MAGNESIA.

Here is a simple tip for those who wish for whiter teeth. Within a few days from the time you begin this simple blanching treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. Your mirror will show it plainly, and your friends will notice the improvement. Magnesium Hydroxide is the secret — it causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is important, but is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid and this can be obtained in a new type of toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this regularly and your teeth will be noticeably whiter. Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' and is sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d., and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

STOMACH RELIEF OR MONEY REFUNDED

Don't suffer another day with that INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, AFTER MEAL PAIN or MIDNIGHT ATTACKS OF SICKNESS! Don't be threatened with ULCERATION and possibly OPERATION. Get relief by taking MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is sold only on the understanding of money back if not satisfied. If a 1/3 bottle does not bring you relief, return the empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. But ask for and see that you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if it bears the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" on bottle, carton or tin.

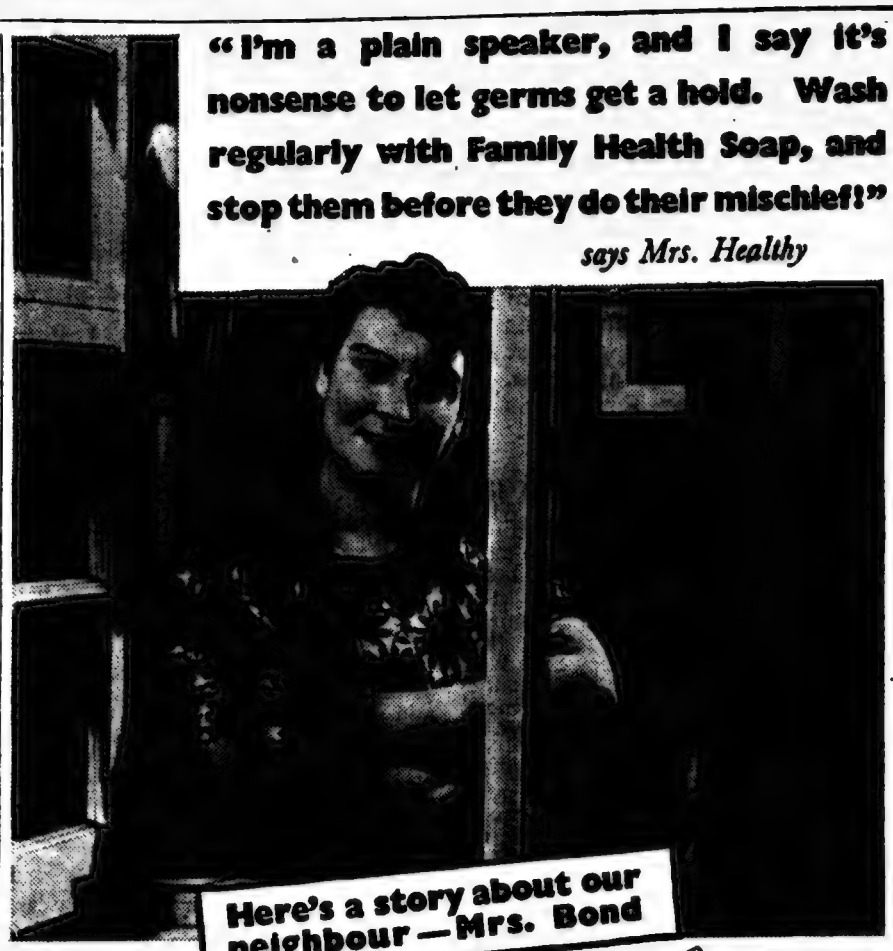
Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

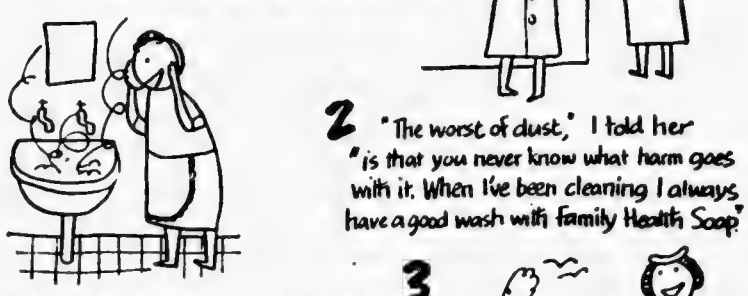
ALSO IN HANDY TABLET FORM IN POCKET TINS 6 9 & 1/3 IN BOTTLES 1/3 2/- 5/-

"I'm a plain speaker, and I say it's nonsense to let germs get a hold. Wash regularly with Family Health Soap, and stop them before they do their mischief!"

says Mrs. Healthy



Here's a story about our neighbour—Mrs. Bond


About this time last year I met Mrs. Bond in the Post Office. She'd been clearing out her attic and the dust made her sneeze something dreadful.
1
SAVE FOR
2 "The worst of dust," I told her "is that you never know what harm goes with it. When I've been cleaning I always have a good wash with Family Health Soap"
3
"That talk put her wise to a few things about germs. Now she swears by Family Health Soap – says it's kept her boy Charlie healthier than he's ever been.

★ Don't wait meekly for germs to attack you and the family — take the fight to *them*! Wash regularly with Family Health Soap, the surest protection you can get against infection from dirt. Have a cake of Family Health Soap in the bathroom always—*AND WASH THE GERMS AWAY!*

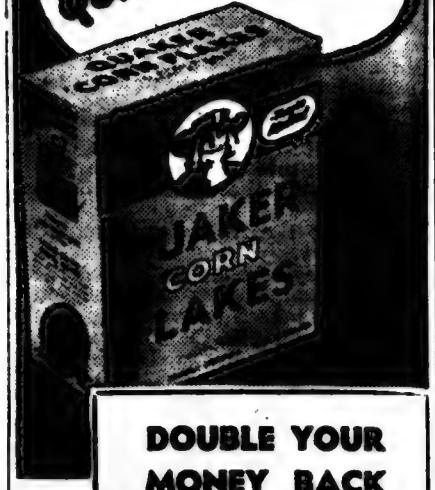
EVERY WASH A SURE PROTECTION

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810 KH 55-690-65

PUT ON POUNDS

Thanks to IRVONA Brand NERVE and BODY BUILDER you can possess New Strength! New Nerves! New Power! New Energy! No more need YOU be robbed of romance, popularity, success, pleasure and health by a thin, scraggy frame. *Read this case* — "After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a thin under-weight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality." "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 2/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct post free on receipt of price from IRVONA (Dept. 20C), 1, GREEK ST., LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Eire). *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

Malt is the secret of extra flavour, digestibility, nourishment, in QUAKER CORN FLAKES



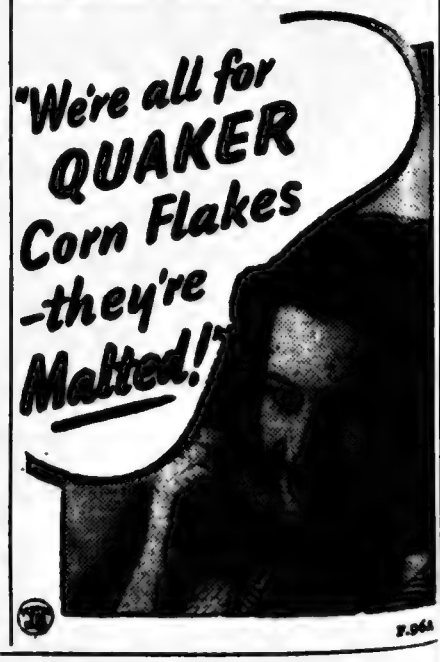
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Malt makes Quaker Corn Flakes so universally popular that Quaker can make this Special Offer.

Get a packet of QUAKER Corn FLAKES. Try them with your family. And then, if you are not entirely pleased in every way, post the partially used packet with your name and address, to Quaker, Southall, Middlesex, and we will refund twice what you paid.

What a treat in store for you if you've not yet tried Quaker Flakes! For these are flakes with a difference—they're *malted*! All the goodness of ripe, golden corn *plus* malt. The Quaker secret malt recipe certainly makes these flakes the most appetising, nourishing, ready-to-eat cereal that you could wish for!

Quickest to serve, too—just lift the patent flap and pour. Close flap and flakes will keep fresh, crisp and delightfully malty right to the end.



P.964

HUMANIST consoles the soldier who wonders where his first allegiance lies

My Country or MY WIFE?

WHENEVER the country receives such startling news as the Nazi invasion of the Low Countries, there is always a decrease in the number of letters sent to "Humanist." When the nation grows accustomed to the new position, letters begin to increase again.

This seems to indicate that our personal problems decline in importance in the presence of world-shaking events. The troubles of other people loom so large that our own worries look trivial.

This is as it should be.

Yet personal problems continue to haunt some people even when they are confronted by the horrors of war.

"I am thirty-eight years of age," writes a soldier, "and feeling that my country would need men to fight against ruthless aggressors I joined the Territorials.

"On the outbreak of war I was called up immediately, and had to leave behind my wife and children whom I love dearly. Every day I feel the loss of their companionship, and shall welcome the day when I can return home to them again.

"Yet time after time my wife has been annoyed by neighbours telling her that there was no need for me to volunteer. They say I did not have much consideration for my family.

"My wife is now inclined to agree with them, and I am wondering whether I did right in enlisting instead of waiting until I had to register.

"I am proud to be a soldier. If it were not for thousands of others like me, people at home would not be so smug in their criticism of others."

This cannot be called a big problem.

A sharp nail in your shoe is not severe, but it can hurt. Only the wearer knows just how much.

The soldier is worried not only because his patriotic action is being criticised, but also because his wife is being so influenced by neighbours that she is beginning to doubt his affection.

It is the old problem of public duty clashing with private comfort. The man volunteered to risk his life instead of remaining in comparative safety. Yet he is accused of being inconsiderate!

Such critics are as irritating as gnats and should be "swatted" and brushed away.

ANOTHER problem comes from a woman reader whose husband is doing war-work.

"Before the war," she writes, "he earned good wages and we managed to live fairly comfortably. He always enjoyed his glass of beer, and used to go to the 'local' for half an hour just before closing time.

"Now he works overtime three nights a week and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. This extra money is all spent at the 'local.'

"He is there two hours every night and three or four hours on Saturdays and Sundays. He is not unkind, but I seem to have lost his companionship.

"As soon as he has had his meal, he goes out and only comes home to bed. He says he needs to counteract the difficulties of working under high pressure.

"He won't even go for walks.

"I keep hearing what a sport my husband is, and how he 'treats all round' virtually every night. I have tried going with him, but I don't appreciate the coarse jokes and screaming laughter. I sit in a corner, classed as a spoil-sport.

"I have asked my husband to put his extra money into savings certificates, but he says that he will spend his money as he pleases."

Older readers will be reminded of what happened in the last war. People earned high wages and squandered their money as fast as it came. During the slump that followed they would have been thankful for a fraction of the money they had flung away.

If a man is working under heavy strain he needs some relaxation, and you can understand his point of view.

Yet it is in the interest of the country and of the individual that money should be saved.

He can have his glass of beer, or even a couple. But this treating all round . . . well, it was illegal in the last war.

Another letter comes from a man for whom I have no sympathy at all.

"Because there was a chink of light showing from the bathroom," he says, "a pair of A.R.P. wardens came banging on my door. They were most rude to my wife and me. There is no excuse for such bad manners, and if they were not satisfied with the black-out they could have said so in a civil way.

"They did not actually swear, but came near it. If they had done so, I should have complained to the police."

After nine months of black-out this ought never to occur. I am not going to mention where the man lives, but he is within half a mile of an important military flying field.

I am not surprised that the wardens were uncivil in the circumstances. The man ought to be thankful he was not prosecuted.

"My wife has been annoyed by neighbours telling her that there was no need for me to volunteer"

NOW for a more cheerful subject.

"I have found a cure for loneliness," writes a woman, "and incidentally I am enabled to 'do my bit' for others.

"My soldier son sent his pal to me, explaining that he was absolutely alone in the world. I gladly offered him a home during his occasional leaves, and behaved as a mother to him.

"It then occurred to me that there must be hundreds of other such youngsters. So I wrote to different padres and now I'm the proud 'mother' of four grand boys.

"One of them writes, 'Don't worry, Mum, your sons will win the war for you.' Another says, 'I can't explain the difference you've made in my life. Since I got back the chaps say I'm so cocky! You see, when fellows used to talk about their mothers and homes I had to keep silent, but now I can say my piece with the rest of them.'"

The writer encloses a letter from one of the padres showing how greatly her efforts are appreciated.

● *HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.* **£1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.**

Voice of the People

News Reel Helps Big-Wigs

★

Young Men Still in "Civvies"

★

Takes the Cake in War-Time

★

Hitler Attacked in Letters

POLITICAL leaders describe the German *blitzkrieg* with monster tanks as "a surprise," but for years ordinary people, not paid to know anything about war, have been seeing vast parades of Nazi mechanised columns on the news reels.

And they have been visualising that one day the Germans might turn those armadas against us.

Perhaps big-wigs never go to the pictures."—V. Abbot, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent.

British military experts were prepared for heavy tank attacks, but never realised Nazis had steel-concrete armour plates to defy anti-tank guns.

Self-made Leaders

STRANGE to think that Mr. A. V. Alexander, of the Admiralty, and Mr. Ernest Bevin, in charge of our manpower, would have been unacceptable to the Royal Air Force as trainees.

Such trainees "must have received schooling up to the age of sixteen."

Nuffield wouldn't have qualified to handle an aeroplane motor, yet he can make them in thousands.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Only Half at War

I HAVE recently visited London for the first time since the war started. Able-bodied young men stand at hotel doors summoning cabs. Others open cinema doors. Others guide you to hat departments.

Here and there strong young fellows pull down Tube stations that look good for another hundred years. And other young men build new stations. Monster blocks of office buildings are still being built, and the wastage of steel in girders is profligate. Why, why, why?—D. M., Epsom.

Because we were only *half* at war for eight months. Appointments of full-blooded Ministers are to remedy this.

Choose your Man

ON the nation's Day of Prayer I went to a church where the vicar offered a special welcome to people who rarely attend church.

Attending another place of worship, my husband heard the preacher refer slightingly to folk who only visited a place of worship when the mood suited them.

Of these men which is the better fitted to the task of making good Christians?—Mrs. S. E. V., London, W.5.

All the Difference

IN a phrase book intended for German soldiers abroad, I found nothing but such phrases as "Tell the truth or you will be killed," and "Every driver who drives the wrong way may be shot."

Yet two typical phrases from a phrase book for British soldiers are: "Sorry to disturb you," and "Fear nothing; we never touch women and children."—P. N., Station Road, Rishton, Lancs.

Another War Danger

MY psychologist friend has observed that war-talk in the home is having a definitely baneful effect on children's minds.

Admittedly you can't keep from children the fact that there is a war on, and you can't stop them hungering for news.

But with a little care one can make sure that fireside discussion doesn't spoil the foundations on which we must build the character of the rising generation.—J. E. R. Elston, Claughton Road, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

CASH PRIZES

★ *This is YOUR corner—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

When a "John Bull" man notified his family that he had joined the Parashooters, his small son said: "Oh, and where will you bury all the bodies?"

Mrs. Beeton—1940

HAVING four children, I have always done my own cooking—even bread and cakes. So when I received a notice from school inviting me to learn war time cookery, I felt annoyed to the point of rudeness.

Yet I went along. They soon taught me that even the best domestic cook in the world may have to readapt herself in certain circumstances.

I have learned some excellent recipes that wouldn't have been within the limits either of my purse or my rations if I had remained proud and huffy.—Mrs. C. Wilkinson, Carbottom Road, Little Horton, Bradford.

Think what a tough time Mrs. Beeton would have when no longer able to "take ten eggs, a pound of butter, a pint of cream, etc."

Postbag for Adolf

MANY people with friends and relatives in Holland and Belgium had posted letters attacking Hitler and all his works when the German hordes swept through these two countries.

They are not afraid of any penalty being exacted against them on British soil if these letters have fallen into German hands. But they may be wondering whether—the Nazi loving so dearly to keep dossiers about everybody—it will be made difficult or impossible for them to visit any German-controlled country after the war—if there is such a thing.

As I wrote such a letter, and was concerned enough about the fact to write to our authorities, people in the same position may be interested in the reply I have received.—N. S., Queen's Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Postal Censor says British post office has charge of all letters not actually delivered, is returning them to senders as speedily as possible, and that there is "no occasion for concern."

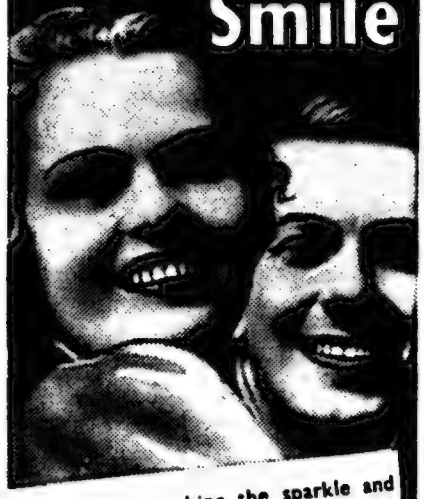
Seats for Soldiers

IN the issue of April 6, 1940, JOHN BULL published a letter in which we stated that "Soldiers and Sailors in uniform could occupy only the 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. seats" at wrestling matches at the Alexandra Theatre, Hull, promoted by Messrs. Lawson and Taylor.

We have since ascertained that we were wrongly informed as to the wording of the bills for the wrestling matches, and we are satisfied that soldiers and sailors are admitted to all seats with the special concession of admission at half price to the 2s. 6d. seats.

We apologise to Messrs. Lawson and Taylor, the promoters, for the misconstruction placed on their advertisement by our letter.

It's easy to tell – an Odol Smile



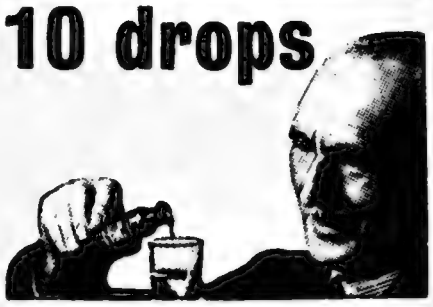
There's no mistaking the sparkle and radiance of an Odol Smile. It's the reward of sound teeth well looked after—their health and beauty preserved as only Odol can preserve them. Let the Odol Smile be the order of the day—for you!

Odol Tooth-paste, in tubes, 6d. and 1/-.
Solid Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

See that he gets his ODOL in his next parcel.

Keep the Winning **Odol** *Smile!*

10 drops



will pull you round

In 15 minutes Phosferine will buck you up when you're feeling down . . .

PHOSFERINE is the finest tonic for bracing, strengthening and invigorating you. When you feel gloomy and depressed a dose of Phosferine will make all the difference. You begin to feel better in 15 minutes. That's why Phosferine enables you to keep carrying on. It puts back what you have taken out of yourself—strength, energy and vitality. Get a bottle of this really great tonic to day

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists. **TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.**

PHOSFERINE Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

There isn't much opportunity for these ever vigilant men to take it easy. But when they do get time for a smoke they make certain that their tobacco will give every satisfaction. No wonder they insist on the Fresh Fragrance of Bondman. You try it too!

LLOYDS' Bondman TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/5½d per oz. Vacuum Tins

EMPIRE BLEND .... 1/4 per oz. Vacuum Tins

114b

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road E.C.1

Palmolive puts on the BIG BRISTLE STRAFE!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

6d 1/- 1/6

It is your job and your duty, to-day and not to-morrow, to equip your home with an EFFICIENT wireless set

You can trust your Murphy Dealer's advice

★

MURPHY MUNITIONS for the HOME FRONT

C.B.C. 39

FILMS FREE FOR EVER

We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gratispool' film to advertise the Gratispool Service. NO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 2d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL STANDARD SIZES: 2½ x 2½, 4 x 2½, 3 x 3, or 2½ x 1½ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Camera.

GRATISPOOL LTD. (Dept. J.B.6.), 207, Wilton Road, Glasgow, C.3, or (Dept. J.B.6), 57, Lime Lane, Leeds 11.

It's a Rumour!

WILL SCOTT

describes the untiring heroism of a young man who tracked a wild-cat yarn to its lair in this brilliant war-time cameo.

She'd got it from her brother when he was over to see her only yesterday. The brother was simply positive.

THE rumour reached the office of the *Daily Wire* at half-past two, and Jimmy Singleton was told to put on his hat.

"Trace it," said the editor, "to its source. Even if there's nothing in it as a rumour, your adventures ought to make a story, because nobody so far as I know has ever been able to trace a rumour to its beginning. How do they come about? Nobody knows. Go to it!"

It certainly was a rumour. The entire council and staff of a seaside resort in German pay, with plans all laid to set the local pier on fire as a guide to the enemy.

The Fifth Column. . . .

Some said A-on-Sea, some said B Bay, others C Harbour.

"Where did you get it?" asked Jimmy.

"Miss Feathergay told me," the editor replied.

"O.K.," said Jimmy.

He went into the outer office and tackled Miss Feathergay.

"Where did you find this rumour?"

"Of course, I don't know that it's true," said Miss Feathergay. "But the person who told me was *positive*."

"A detail that doesn't matter," said Jimmy lightly. "I want to trace it from old age back to its cradle. Whether it's true or not is of no importance. Where did you get it?"

It appeared that Miss Feathergay got it from the woman who sold her her daily newspaper each morning at Woking.

"Right," said Jimmy.

Miss Feathergay gave him the name and address of the woman at Woking. He wrote it down, nodded and went out.

AT the corner of the *Daily Wire* building he had a shoeshine. Even, he thought, a woman who sold newspapers might talk more if impressed. Might as well go down to Woking looking his best.

He agreed with the shoeblack that it was a depressing war. He agreed with the shoeblack that we hadn't known we were well off in peace time. He agreed with the shoeblack that it was a much brighter morning this morning. Then he paid the shoeblack and turned away.

Turning away, he collided with the heavy man with the white hair and the black moustache.

He apologised.

The heavy man smiled and was gracious about it. The heavy man replaced a wallet and some papers in his pocket, resumed a conversation with his friend and walked on. And Jimmy found himself looking at a little green square on the pavement.

He picked it up.

It was a season ticket from Banbury Bay, made out in the name of Jaspar E. Broome.

Jimmy glanced after the heavy man. There did not seem to be anybody else about who could have dropped the ticket recently. Jimmy hurried back. He overtook the heavy man in twenty yards.

"Excuse me," he said. "Is this yours?"

The heavy man looked surprised. He admitted that the season ticket was his. It must, he said, have fallen out of his pocket when he was getting out some papers to show his friend. He could not thank Jimmy sufficiently.

"That's all right," said Jimmy.

And they parted.

Jimmy went to Woking.

The woman who sold the morning newspaper was a talker.

She wanted to go into details. Unfortunately, there were no details she could go into. There was just the plain statement. But she knew it was true. She had got it from her brother when he was over to see her only yesterday. Her brother was *positive*.

Where did her brother live?

He lived at Alton, in Hampshire.

When Jimmy got to Alton the woman's brother was out, and he had to hang about until evening. And when at last the woman's brother was in he was as vague as his sister had been.

"I believe the story's perfectly true, sir," he said. "The man who told me was *positive*."

"The point is," said Jimmy, "who did tell you?"

"George Abbey told me."

"Splendid!" said Jimmy.

"I get all my feed from him," said the woman's brother. "For my fowls, you know. He lives just outside Winchester."

"Mind giving me his address?"

No, the woman's brother didn't mind in the least. He wrote it down for Jimmy on the back of an envelope.

And Jimmy went to Winchester.

MR. ABBEY was *positive* that the rumour was more than a rumour; that it was, in fact, true. Anyway, the landlord of the hotel at Salisbury (who had told him) was convinced it was true. He was *positive*.

So Jimmy went to Salisbury, and from Salisbury he telephoned his editor.

"I look like finishing up at Land's End," he said. "Do I go on?"

"Go on if you have to finish up in California," said the editor. "Get to the bottom of it, that's all I want."

"O.K.," said Jimmy.

Jimmy saw the landlord of the hotel. And the landlord of the hotel was *positive*.

He believed that the man who had told him had actually come from this seaside town.

Anyway, there would be no harm in seeing the man. If the man could be seen. Might be away. He was a commercial traveller. He lived at Newbury, in Berkshire.

For the first time in two days Jimmy turned his face to the east and followed it. He came to Newbury, in Berkshire, and was lucky enough to find at once the man who had told the landlord of the hotel in Salisbury. And by him he was introduced to his daughter Lucy.

"It was Lucy who brought the story here," said the man.

"I first heard it from my young man," Lucy explained. "He was *positive*."

"Does he live here?" asked Jimmy.

"He lives at Reading," said Lucy.

Jimmy tried to look pleased.

He got the address of Lucy's young man at Reading.

Lucy's young man was *positive*, too. He had got it, he said, virtually from the horse's mouth—a pal of his who lived at Twickenham and worked in the City. He didn't know where he had got it from, but he seemed *positive*.

On to Twickenham. . . . Lucy's young man's pal at Twickenham was found, and he was *positive* the story was true. He had got it from a chum of his, who had got it straight from his boss, Mr. Trefoil, of Fetter Lane.

Late that night Jimmy got back to London.

He succeeded in reaching Mr. Trefoil the following afternoon, and Mr. Trefoil tried to be helpful. He didn't know if there was really anything in the story, but the man who had told him seemed *positive*.

WHO was the man?

Why, a shoeblack at the corner of the *Daily Wire* building.

The shoeblack confessed that he had only overheard it. Two men had been passing his stand about a week before, and the traffic had gone quiet and he had heard every word that one of them had been saying.

"Remember what it was?" asked Jimmy.

Yes, the shoeblack could remember word for word, he had been so impressed.

"It wasn't a rumour. I had definite *proof* in my possession. Half the town's officials, people you'd never suspect, in the enemy's pay, with plans all ready to set the pier on fire to guide them. So I got my revolver. . ." That's what the shoeblack had heard. Then the two men had passed out of hearing.

"Who was the man? Do you know?" asked Jimmy.

"Not by name, sir," the shoeblack answered. "But it was that heavy man you bumped into the other day."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jimmy. And searched his memory.

And caught the seven o'clock down to Banbury Bay.

There was a man with whiskers on the train, and ten minutes out of Banbury Bay he decided to talk. He said they'd be late in as usual. It turned out that he came from Banbury Bay himself.

JIMMY, seeing an all-night sitting ahead, asked the man with whiskers to recommend a good hotel.

"Well, either the Mitre or the Griffin," said the man with whiskers.

Jimmy kept things going.

"Do you know a Mr. Jaspar E Broome, of Banbury Bay?" he enquired.

"Who doesn't?" said the man with whiskers.

For Mr. Broome was president of this and president of that and chairman of the council into the bargain

"But what he's really famous for," said the man with whiskers, "is his discovery of a plot to burn the pier. . . ."

"Ah, yes!" said Jimmy, as they left the train. "Now when was that?"

"When?" said the man with whiskers. "1899, I believe."

"1899?" gasped Jimmy. "What—here?"

"Oh, no," replied the man with whiskers. "Cape Colony, somewhere, I think. It was during the South African War."

He stopped.

"Personally," he said, "I should put up at the Mitre."

"Personally," said Jimmy, "I'm taking the first train back to Town."

He went down the steps to the up platform.

"Mad as a March hare!" said the man with whiskers.

Grin and Bear It!

Adeline (Sweet) 1940

By OLIVER PLUSH

AN A.T.S. blonde has achieved fame by having her hair described on the official form as "Colour: Golden (temporary)."

If this kind of thing gets out of hand we shall be having apoplexy among the sergeants as they fill up forms something like this:—

Name: *Adeline (sweet).*
Address: *Temporary.*
Age: *Thirty (permanent).*
Hair: *Black (at the moment).*
Eyebrows: *Ditto (plucked).*
Eyelashes: *Mascara (washable).*
Lips: *Vermilion (replaceable).*
Nails: *Scarlet (will scratch off).*

In the Air

From the way our airmen treat 'em,
Those Nazi planes, I guess,
Are still called Messerschmitts, BUT
The accent's on the "mess."

No Encore

At a concert given for the troops the stage collapsed in the middle of one of the turns. The audience agreed they had never known a show go down so well.

Give it a Name

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JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

3D.

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

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NEWS CHRONICLE: "Material can be SOWN and nailed."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER: "Mix well and bake in a MODEST oven."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS: "At least sixty VILLAGES and fisherfolk were killed."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL: "He could not read or RIGHT."

BRISTOL EVENING POST: "Running for our LIKES we sought shelter: . ."

SUNDAY POST: "While playing with other boys fell into five WEEK of water."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS: "A REFUGEE in a controlled pedestrian road crossing is not 'part of the crossing.'"

MIRFIELD AND BRADLEY DISTRICT NEWS: "DEATH prevented his active participation in public life."

EVENING NEWS: "She pleaded guilty by a BREATH of the prison regulations."

PLENTIFUL CASH for BULLETS — EXTRA CHEQUES MUST BE WON!

£200 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" 1221

L. S. TOPHAM, 42, Hands Road, Sheffield.

Example: AHEAD OF US.
Bullet: FIGHTING? SWEATING? *Never* "TOWEL"!

£25: J. B. HODGSON, 65, Oxford Road, Chiswick, W. Example: No Time For Wringing. Bullet: Hands—Or Twiddling Thumbs!

£10: Mrs. G. KIRK, 10, Taunton Street, Swindon. Example: Taxes Are Up, But. Bullet: Every "Bob" Prevents "Bowing."

£5: C. V. Evans (Shop), 197, High Street, Acton, W. No Time For Rest—Civilisation's "Hours Of Darkness." **£4:** O. Lloyd, 20, Pound Street, Liskeard, Cornwall. Taxes Are Up. But—Seem Worth More Now! **£3:** P. Wharton, 3, Colemore Road, Bournemouth. No Time For Throwing—Stones—"Pave" Victory's Path!

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10. 0:

W. Anthony, 16, Brookfold Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport. Ahead Of Us—Our Officers, Not Prisoners! Mrs. L. Barty, 81, Whitehall Road, Chingford, E. Hitler's Navy—Name—And Address, "Mud"! H. W. Connell, 66, Alexandra Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Off Went The Troopship And—Pleasant Trip—Sergeant-Major Seasick! J. Cook, 218, Devonshire Way, Shirley, Croydon. No Time For Aiming—So Nazi Missed Hospital! E. R. Faraday, Church Croft, Orleton, Ludlow, Shropshire. Food For Monday—Evacuees' Parents Ate, Sunday! Mrs. M. S. Fraser, 49, Ladbrook Road, Solihull, Warwickshire. Destroyers—In Europe's "Garden," *Thugs*. Mrs. Green, 6, Freckleton Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester. Off Went The Troopship And—All One "Class"—Heroes! F. Hood, 16, Grant Crescent, Seaham, Co. Durham. Food For Two—Mouths, Hoarded—Deserves Six. H. Parris, "The Briery," Victoria Road, Bexley, Kent. Hero Of To-day—Sonny—*Hasn't* Been Fighting! M. H. Powell, 3 Chequers End, Caddesden Row, Hemel Hempstead. Stab In The Back—Removes Neutrals' Last "Bandages."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

Bonus of £100, announced in connection with Contests 1218, 1220 and 1221, has been secured by First Prize-winner in Contest No. 1220.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

TO HELP WINSTON
MORE WORK UNCLE SAM
WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK
DAY AND NIGHT
INDUSTRIAL MACHINE
WITHOUT WARNING
FREEDOM'S BANNER
COOK'S JOINED THE W.A.A.F.s, SO
CARRYING ON INVINCIBLE
FACE THE FACTS AND
CLEVERLY CONCEALED
KING OF THE CASTLE
STOPPING AT NOTHING
IN THE LAST WAR
HER LATEST ALL RANKS
ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES
TO KEEP PEOPLE CHEERFUL

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

ON THE ..... FRONT
POWER OF THE .....
DAD CAN'T ....., SO
IN SEARCH OF .....
USELESS TO .....
TALKING ABOUT ...

ENTRY-FEE

Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL, at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," firmly stuck to separate piece of paper, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY:
'BULLETS' No. 1,225,
'John Bull,' Long Acre,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order, or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

WAITING FOR 2,3 or 4 WORDS

1ST PRIZE £100

OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY

£20	£10	£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4	£3	6 of £2·10
25 of 10/-	200 SURPRISE AWARDS each value			5/-

Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,225
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JUNE 15

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

FOR YOUR HELPFUL FREE 'BULLETIN' ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH 'BULLET' OR SQUARE ENTERED.

ENTER on SQUARES BELOW for "John Bull's" ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

25/- WEEKLY for LIFE

FIVE PENSION FIRST PRIZE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD £300

£100 Cash Between 1st Runners-up and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd Runners-up each exchangeable for **4 SAVINGS STAMPS**

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, June 15.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Address and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 27; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

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ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 206, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Greedy little fellow wants a good one
2. Ordinary chap finds it hard to put this in when friends are arguing excitedly
3. It's hardly a pleasant experience to be startled by an angry one
5. Required when moving animal to distant zoo
7. The kind you most usually get is black
9. Can often be described as rather like a kind of nose
15. Getting this may be a real feat in war-time
16. It might well be very serious when vessel gets this
17. Some people will tell you theirs is almost like a friend

DOWN CLUES

1. Boy who's persistently lazy at school is likely to get this often
2. Won't last long if you burn candle both ends
4. May be the kind in which one can profitably put money
6. Few people do this much in these days
8. A good one makes you feel warm and glowing inside
10. This can sometimes be described as pretty rough
11. Referee should keep his eye on footballer who is deliberately playing this
12. Obstinacy and unwillingness to move is in some cases typical of this
13. Brilliant scholar will probably do really well in these subjects in exam
14. Car driver who races on roads may well be described as

SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares, for entry fee as directed.

NAME _____

J.B. X-WORD No. 206, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JUNE 15

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

ADDRESS _____

Don't omit to complete Label below.

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 203.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 203, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

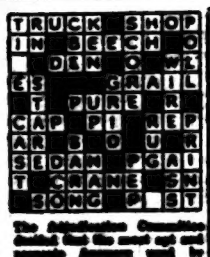
S. C. ATKINS, Red Coach Hay Farm, Shenfield, Norbury.
MRS. GRATRIX, c/o 54, Kenilworth Road, Liverpool, 10.
MRS. L. JOHNSON, 10, Greenway, Chislehurst, Kent.

These competitors share the First Prize of £200, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 36 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 15s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A valid Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 400 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1, Truck; 5, Shop; 9, Shoe; 10, Sick; 11, Bird; 12, Pave; 13, Cap; 14, Queer; 16, Sing; 18, Rest or Pest; Down—1, Tile or Tide; 2, Shore; 3, Pot; 4, Wire; 6, Shun; 7, Cold; 8, Sick; 11, Beg; 12, Paint; 15, Rain.
Full reasons for Committee's Findings appear in "Crossword Gazette." To secure your FREE COPY use address label on right.



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in corner clues. Two blank spaces indicate that at these points PAGE or PAST and HIRE or HILDE were accepted as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £100 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 2s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

FREE GAZETTE & BULLETIN — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 29, you must affix 1d. stamp for postage on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR POSTAGE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

£s _____

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Grin and Bear It!

Adeline (Sweet) 1940

By OLIVER PLUSH

AN A.T.S. blonde has achieved fame by having her hair described on the official form as "Colour: Golden (temporary)."

If this kind of thing gets out of hand we shall be having apoplexy among the sergeants as they fill up forms something like this:—

Name: *Adeline (sweet).*
Address: *Temporary.*
Age: *Thirty (permanent).*
Hair: *Black (at the moment).*
Eyebrows: *Ditto (plucked).*
Eyelashes: *Mascara (washable).*
Lips: *Vermilion (replaceable).*
Nails: *Scarlet (will scratch off).*

In the Air

From the way our airmen treat 'em,
Those Nazi planes, I guess,
Are still called Messerschmitts, BUT
The accent's on the "mess."

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Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWS CHRONICLE: "Material can be SOWN and nailed."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER: "Mix well and bake in a MODEST oven."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS: "At least sixty VILLAGES and fisherfolk were killed."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL: "He could not read or RIGHT."

BRISTOL EVENING POST: "Running for our LIKES we sought shelter : . ."

SUNDAY POST: "While playing with other boys fell into five WEEK of water."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS: "A REFUGEE in a controlled pedestrian road crossing is not 'part of the crossing.'"

MIRFIELD AND BRADLEY DISTRICT NEWS: "DEATH prevented his active participation in public life."

EVENING NEWS: "She pleaded guilty by a BREATH of the prison regulations."

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

PLENTIFUL CASH for BULLETS — EXTRA CHEQUES MUST BE WON!

£200 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" 1221

L. S. TOPHAM, 42, Hands Road, Sheffield.

Example: AHEAD OF US.
Bullet: FIGHTING? SWEATING? *Never* "TOWEL"!

£25: J. B. HODGSON, 63, Oxford Road, Chiswick, W. Example: No Time For Wringing. Bullet: Hands—Or Twiddling Thumbs!
£10: Mrs. G. KIRK, 10, Taunton Street, Swindon. Example: Taxes Are Up, But. Bullet: Every "Bob" Prevents "Bowing."
£5: C. V. Evans (Shop), 197, High Street, Acton, W. No Time For Rest—Civilisation's "Hours Of Darkness." **£4:** O. Lloyd, 20, Pound Street, Liskeard, Cornwall. Taxes Are Up. But—Seem Worth More Now! **£3:** F. Wharton, 3, Colemore Road, Bournemouth. No Time For Throwing—Stones—"Pave" Victory's Path!

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10 0:

W. Anthony, 16, Brookfold Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport. Ahead Of Us—Our Officers, Not Prisoners! Mrs. L. Barty, 81, Whitehall Road, Chingford, E. Hitler's Navy—Name—And Address, "Mud"! H. W. Connell, 66, Alexandra Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Off Went The Troopship And—Pleasant Trip—Sergeant-Major Seasick! J. Cook, 218, Devonshire Way, Shirley, Croydon. No Time For Aiming—So Nazi Missed Hospital! E. R. Faraday, Church Croft, Orleton, Ludlow, Shropshire. Food For Monday—Evacuees' Parents Ate, Sunday! Mrs. M. S. Fraser, 49, Ladbrook Road, Solihull, Warwickshire. Destroyers—In Europe's "Garden," *Thugs*. Mrs. Green, 6, Freckleton Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester. Off Went The Troopship And—All One "Class"—Heroes! F. Hood, 16, Grant Crescent, Seaham, Co. Durham. Food For Two—Months, Hoarded—Deserves Six. H. Parris, "The Briery," Victoria Road, Bexley, Kent. Hero Of To-day—Sonny—*Hasn't* Been Fighting! M. H. Powell, 5 Chequers End, Gaddesden Row, Hemel Hempstead. Stab In The Back—Removes Neutrals' Last "Bandages."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

Bonus of £100, announced in connection with Contests 1219, 1220 and 1221, has been secured by First Prize-winner in Contest No. 1220.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

TO HELP WINSTON
MORE WORK UNCLE SAM
WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK
DAY AND NIGHT
INDUSTRIAL MACHINE
WITHOUT WARNING
FREEDOM'S BANNER
COOK'S JOINED THE W.A.A.F.s, SO
CARRYING ON INVINCIBLE
FACE THE FACTS AND
CLEVERLY CONCEALED
KING OF THE CASTLE
STOPPING AT NOTHING
IN THE LAST WAR
HER LATEST ALL RANKS
ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES
TO KEEP PEOPLE CHEERFUL

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

ON THE ..... FRONT
POWER OF THE .....
DAD CAN'T ....., SO
IN SEARCH OF .....
USELESS TO .....
TALKING ABOUT ...

ENTRY-FEE

Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL, at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," firmly stuck to separate piece of paper, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR 'Bullets' on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY:
'BULLETS' No. 1,225,
'John Bull,' Long Acre,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order, or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

WRITING FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

1ST PRIZE £100

OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY

£20	£10	£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4	£3	6 of £2·10
25 of 10/-	200 SURPRISE AWARDS each value 5/-			

Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,225
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JUNE 15

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

FOR YOUR HELPFUL FREE 'BULLETIN' **ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL** FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH 'BULLET' OR SQUARE ENTERED.

ENTER on SQUARES BELOW for "John Bull's" ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

25/- WEEKLY for LIFE

FINE PENSION FIRST PRIZE FOR JOHN BULL'S X-WORD £300

£100 Cash Between IV Runners-up and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd Runners-up each exchangeable for 4 SAVINGS STAMPS

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to Tear postmark of not later than Saturday, June 15.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 27; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 206, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Greedy little fellow wants a good one
2. Ordinary chap finds it hard to put this in when friends are arguing excitedly
3. It's hardly a pleasant experience to be startled by an angry one
5. Required when moving animal to distant zoo
7. The kind you most usually get is black
9. Can often be described as rather like a kind of nose
15. Getting this may be a real feat in war-time
16. It might well be very serious when vessel gets this
17. Some people will tell you theirs is almost like a friend

DOWN CLUES

1. Boy who's persistently lazy at school is likely to get this often
2. Won't last long if you burn candle both ends
4. May be the kind in which one can profitably put money
6. Few people do this much in these days
8. A good one makes you feel warm and glowing inside
10. This can sometimes be described as pretty rough
11. Referee should keep his eye on footballer who is deliberately playing this
12. Obstinacy and unwillingness to move is in some cases typical of this
13. Brilliant scholar will probably do really well in these subjects in exam
14. Car driver who races on roads may well be described as

SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares, for entry fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 206, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JUNE 15

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

Don't omit to complete Label below.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____
_____

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 203.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 203, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

P. C. ATKINS, Red Coach Hay Farm, Shenilton, Banbury.
MRS. GRAYSON, c/o 34, Kenilworth Road, Liverpool, 18.
MRS. L. JOHNSON, 18, Greenway, Chislehurst, Kent.

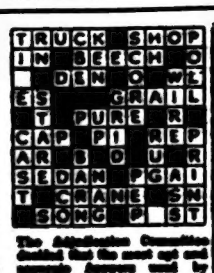
These competitors share the First Prize of £200, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 36 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 15s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 400 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Duck. 5. Shop. 6. Duck. 8. Pub. 9. Pure. 10. Gap. 14. Chess. 15. Song. 16. Pool or Pond. Down—1. Tide or Tilt. 2. Snow. 3. Pull. 4. Wire. 7. Glass. 8. Gold. 10. Coal. 11. Sing. 12. Paint. 13. Rain.

Full reasons for Committee's Findings appear in "Crossword Gazette." To secure your FREE COPY use address label on right.



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in certain clues. Two blank squares indicate that of these words PART or PORT and TIDE or TILT were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £100 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

FREE GAZETTE & BULLETIN — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 29, you must affix 1d. stamp for postage on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR POSTAGE

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____
_____

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Think of Great Britain as one great factory. Working at full pressure its output of goods can be vastly increased. But from this entire output must come both the needs of the fighting services *and* the requirements of the rest of us. The Services must come first.

The war must be won *and* in the shortest possible time. This means—and we must face the hard fact—that you and I must go without many of the things we used to enjoy in peace time.

The vitally necessary war supplies must be produced in ever-increasing quantities.

The money we don't spend on our own personal requirements and pleasures can then be lent to the Nation to be devoted to Britain's vast war effort.

If everyone with good pay coming in continues to spend on things they can do without, our resources will be in danger of speedy exhaustion. Prices will go rocketing up, and the arming and equipment of our forces will be seriously hampered.

We must make ends meet—but not by the method of burning the candle at both ends.

There is no time to be lost. Lend the full weight of your money to the struggle *now*. Invest as much as you possibly can in National Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds and in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.

How does she Keep so SLIM and Healthy

SHE'S happy, healthy, delightfully slim. The very picture of health, she enjoys every minute of her life, and she maintains her figure without dieting or special exercises.

Slenderness is hers because she follows the golden rule of a nightly dose of Bile Beans. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system and eliminate daily all surplus fat residue. They purify the blood and clear the complexion.

So why not reduce your figure to normal and keep slim and healthy by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime?

"For keeping my figure slim and youthful—so essential to my professional work—I give full credit to Bile Beans. Ever since starting with 'Bile Beans at bedtime' I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the longest day." Miss J. H., London, W.3.

• • •

"Bile Beans have improved my figure, made me sleep better, given me more energy and made me bright and happy. I never miss taking my nightly Bile Beans—to them I owe my perfect health." Mrs. E. K., Bristol.

Each Night She Takes

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"No signs of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc."

Here's Good News! You can test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *'ELASTO' is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto', *The Great Blood Revitalizer, cures through the Blood.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. No. 2940

F. 51 | J.B.L.127 | 114 ★

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